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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 9, 1941
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVI No. 2168 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 9 1941

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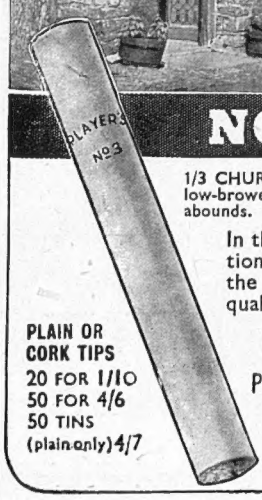

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3.P.838

Volume CLXVI No. 2168 The SPHERE, London, August 9, 1941

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 9, 1941

TO SAVE THE PILOTS OF THE R.A.F.: THE NEW RESCUE FLOATS NOW MOORED IN THE CHANNEL

As described in previous issues of *The Sphere*, these Air-Sea Rescue floats (run by the Navy and the R.A.F.) are for the rescue of British pilots forced down over the Channel. They are painted yellow and red, with prominent Red Cross markings; and have been specially designed to make it easy for an exhausted pilot to clamber aboard. Inside there are bunks, a cooking-stove, dry clothes, books, signals and wireless. When a signal is received that an airman is aboard, fast launches dash out to the rescue. Some of these vessels maintain a patrol in the Channel, and have recently been successful in bringing back pilots after the latter have been forced to make parachute descents over the water. A similar scheme was inaugurated by the Germans during the Battle of Britain last year. But the German rescue vessels were crude and top-heavy affairs compared with our own well-built and well-equipped rescue floats. Now that war is being waged by the R.A.F. every day over enemy territory there is urgent need for these vessels

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 101

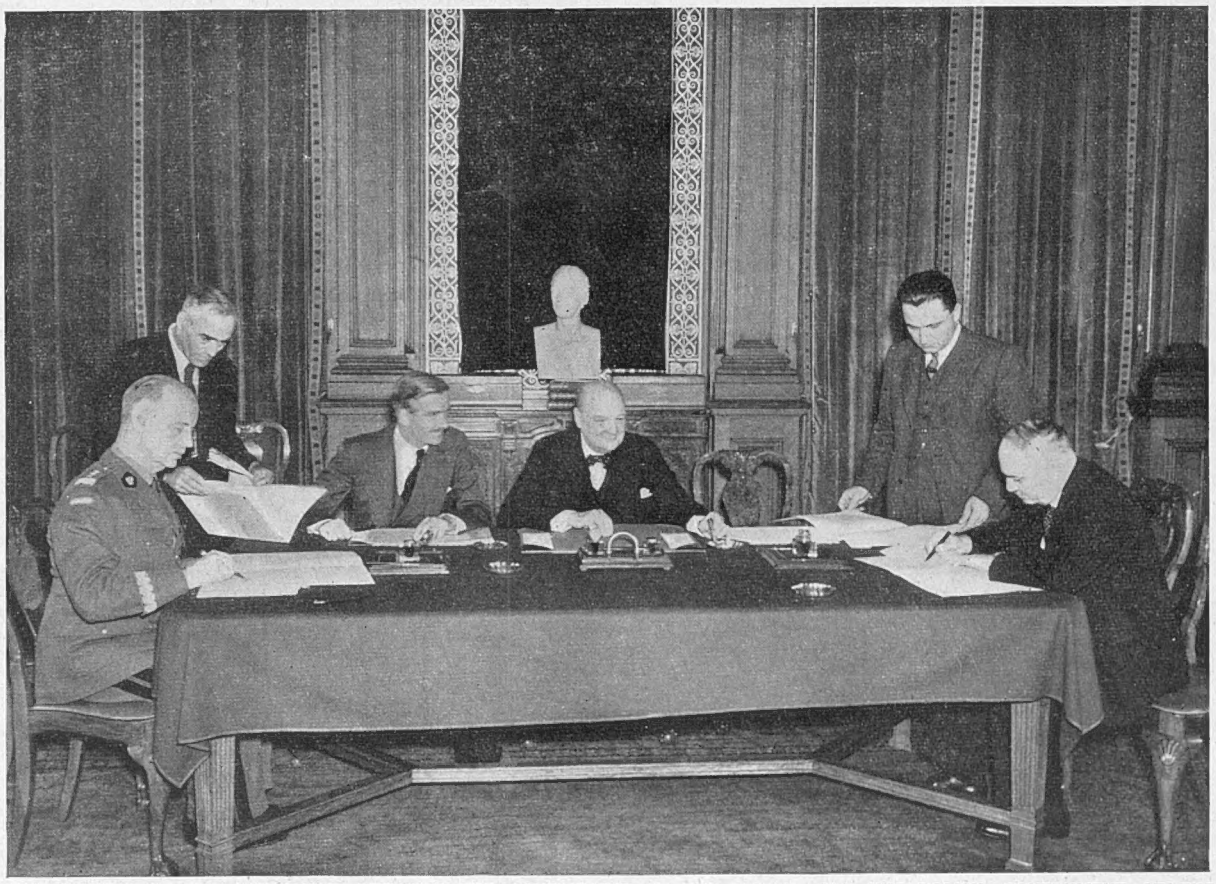
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Doctor's Dilemma.—

Little Doctor Gobbles, in opening for the Führer an exhibition of German art the other day, piped in as low a key as ever I can recall. He roared, indeed, as gently as any sucking dove. It is significant; it is perhaps a trifle, but a tremendous trifle. There were seasonable reasons, no doubt, for this unusual moderation. The weather had been distressingly hot; the German public had of late been unusually depressed, and even critical about the Führer's omniscience; the train-loads of casualties from the Russian front rolled through Berlin in ceaseless reliefs; the great industrial cities of the Reich, its ports and communication centres, lay smouldering in ruins, and Berlin was waiting for *her* turn (which has since received token payment). And the victory time-schedule had been disturbed in several great campaigns, notably the crusade against Communism, the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of Britain, and the War of Nerves. None of the enemy nations, nor the conquered nations (unless Vichy-France), seemed to be quite such easy game in the flesh-creeping campaign, and so the little Doctor assumed the livelier iris of the turtle-dove, and spoke feelingly of Germany's "misery and worry" and longing for peace, and expressed mild hope that Germany's national life might survive her present trials. No doubt the Leader has still many shots in his locker, and when he pulls one out, the little Doctor will resume the lion's skin and thunder. Meanwhile, his moderation may be regarded as significant. It confirms some of the news that is trickling out of Germany.

Hitler's Peace Offensive.

—Acting on Cabinet instructions, our Ministers miss no opportunity to nip in the bud Hitler's (prophesied) coming "peace" offensive. Myself, I am sorry for this! There may (or may not) be, still living outside Bedlam and the Reich, persons who are not convinced of Hitler's sole responsibility for this world tragedy and of Hitler's utter untrustworthiness in regard to any form of pledge, promise or agreement, signed, sealed, written, spoken or implied. It may be that (outside Bedlam, etc.) there are still people who do not fully realise the profundity of this man's criminal guilt and record in hypocrisy. Whether or not, it seems to me a great pity that Hitler should be diverted by ridicule from making his "peace" offer to the Democracies. For these reasons: 1. I have greater faith than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden apparently have, in the shrewd sense and resolution of the peoples of this Empire, of America and of Russia. I do not believe that from all these countries could be collected a minority worth considering which would clutch at those proposals as at a faint possibility of shortening this human tragedy. I do not believe that, in relation to such peace proposals wishful thinking of the most foolish, frothy kind would deem it worth while to raise its head. 2. But I do believe that by making those proposals for peace Hitler would reveal his own fearful anxieties to-day and the nakedness of his cause in a way which would finally convince the remaining wobblers, and half the Reich, that the bell was already tolling for one more would-be world dictator. Nothing, indeed, could more convincingly reveal Hitler's new consciousness of his weakness and of the cracks in the foundations of his pagan edifice than would that clumsy preamble to his peace proposals. But clearly the authorities spend a good deal of anxiety upon the possible reaction of such proposals among the war-worn, the wishful thinkers and the wobblers. It is not for me to say that the authorities are wrong.



THE SIGNING OF THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE U.S.S.R. AND THE POLISH GOVERNMENT AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE IN LONDON ON JULY 30, 1941

This "memorable episode" has brought agreement to the two Powers so long estranged, and Polish hopes for the future are now considerably enhanced. Under the Agreement, the Russo-German treaties of 1939 dividing up Poland are declared void, Poland and Russia are to collaborate to the full in waging war against Germany, and diplomatic relations between the two countries are to be resumed at once. The 200,000 Poles in Russia will receive an amnesty and many will soon be participating in the war. The picture above was taken in the Foreign Secretary's room in Whitehall: from left to right are General Sikorski, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief; Mr. Anthony Eden; Mr. Winston Churchill; M. Novikov (Counsellor at the Russian Embassy); and M. Maisky (Russian Ambassador)

The Hairy Heel.—

Most people who had a circle of acquaintances among the peoples of Europe would probably have admitted before 1914, and assuredly since, that of all races the Prussian, and of all European nations the German, had the lowest percentage of men who appreciated or could practise the essentials in that much-abused term "Gentleman." For 100 years a Prussian "gentleman" has been a *rara avis*. For as long a German gentleman has been a marked man in British eyes, or, for that matter, French. I have known two Germans who were great gentlemen, having got to know at least a score who ought to have been so. Yet in Britain, and the Empire, in most of the nations of Europe, gentlemen are not rarities. You meet them by the score, in the fields, in the factories, in mean streets and all the humblest walks of life, and you recognise their right to the label by certain clearly-defined qualities. These are: (1) respect for themselves and for their calling, which gives them respect for you. That great virtue banishes the cad's worst feature, self-assertiveness. Respecting themselves, they have no call to assert themselves. Respecting you, they have no desire to make you the victim of their self-boosting; (2) consciousness of what is, and what is not, decent conduct, That inborn consciousness banishes every one of the "social agonies"; (3) moral courage, bred of self-respect and long exercise of freedom in thought, word and action, within the law. That courage compels a man to kick over false gods, to resist false doctrine, and to oppose tyranny, injustice, impiety and cruelty in every form. The German people as a whole (and exclusively in Europe) are almost totally deficient in these qualities. It is because they have always lacked respect for their own race and traditions that they have been driven to assert themselves and blow their trumpets all over Europe. It is because they know they are serfs and upstarts that they blare out their nonsense about the Master race. From the Kaiser and his sons downwards, they have constantly shown in intercourse with other nations their total inability to gauge by instinct the happy medium of decent conduct. Always the least objectionable have been "guessers," and bad guessers at that. Hence the social agony of friendly intercourse with Germans in the past. And finally, moral courage. No race in all the world was ever so deficient in moral courage, either as citizens of a State or as citizens of the world. Hence the tyrant and the beast have always found in Germany a happy hunting-ground for their personal ambitions and filthy practices.

A Letter from Finland.—

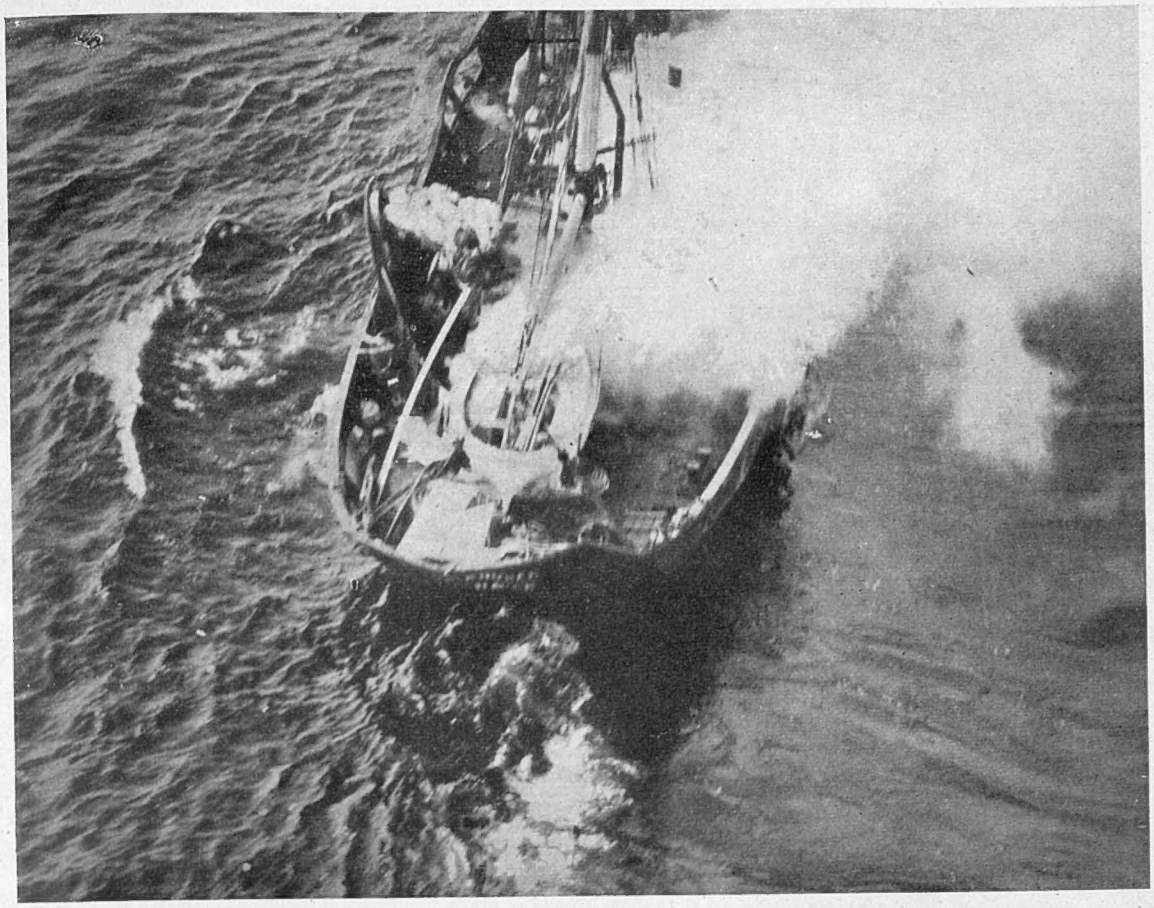
I have just received (beginning of August) a letter dated May 13 from an English correspondent in Finland. She had been through the Finnish-Russian war with its stress and dangers, and had decided to remain in Finland when our Legation advised British residents to go home. When she wrote in May, she had just heard on the wireless the first news of the damage done to Westminster by the *Blitz* on London. She wrote this significant sentence: "It was a great experience to be here during their war. One saw how the deep, Lutheran religion came to the surface and enabled the people to suffer—for the most part uncomplainingly—and now the greater number are so thankful the war is over that they bear their present hardships—shortness of food, fuel and clothes have been serious all through the winter—stoically." Well, now they are at war again. Their deep, Lutheran religion enabled them stoically to take on another war after a very brief interval of relief. Perhaps "Vengeance is Mine" is not a banner headline on the front page of Lutheran Holy Writ. Or perhaps Finnish memory is short. Or perhaps there is nothing left for small nations in these black days but to sign along the dotted line presented by their nearest strong neighbours and to play the dupe's part. The Finns, it seems, fell thankfully out of the frying-pan, and are now enjoying the fire, pulling Nazi chestnuts out of the hot coals. Poor Finland! We always liked the Finns. And when Freedom raises her head in Europe again, a large sponge must be used on the international slate. We should be the first to admit that necessity brings strange bedfellows.

Private Gardeners.—

The cast-iron practice of Agricultural Committees of refusing exemption from military service to private vegetable gardeners, no longer young, is producing a great volume of criticism all over Britain. The red tape and illogic of these committees' decisions are terrible examples of the failure of our bureaucracy in wartime to act *nationally*. We have daily given to us instances that cry to Heaven. Expert vegetable gardeners of middle age are being sent to the Army, when they are doing national service *and* military or defence service of twice the value which they can hope to give in the regular Army. No vegetable gardener in the world can manage, single-handed, three close-cropped acres. Yet that is the cast-iron yard-stick. Men who, by their efforts with 1½ to 2 acres, have fed, without recourse to the shops and markets, from ten to twenty persons, and have given expert help to the local farmers amounting to thirty hours a week, *and* are key-men in the Home Guard or defence services, are being torn away to become batmen to young officers or to plant lobelias round officers' messes. That is a significant fact. There is no appeal of any sort by Home Guard authorities for the retention of *key* volunteers in sparse areas, in the case of *military* recruitment. In the case of industrial recruitment, the scope of appeal is very doubtful and limited. In short, the Home Guard is flattered in official utterance, but nothing much is done to help it in its difficulties in maintaining itself as an efficient military unit where the Army has demands upon it. It is appalling to see, in the havoc caused by these agricultural committees' decisions all over Britain, the utter lack of co-ordination and the narrowness of view by which bureaucracy in its watertight compartments *still* works. The nation is, of course, utterly over-organised. Initiative has no chance to do its invaluable work. What we need is the local dictation of local areas by men of broad view chosen for their wide knowledge of local conditions as regards food, fuels, farming, and local defence. With *them* should be the last word. What applies to Yorkshire may be absurd in Sussex. A vegetable gardener taken away from one county may be a disaster; from another he may be quite properly taken. A Home Guard corporal taken from one rural section may emasculate a whole platoon. From another his loss may mean nothing serious. A common yard-stick is bureaucracy's secret fifth-column weapon.

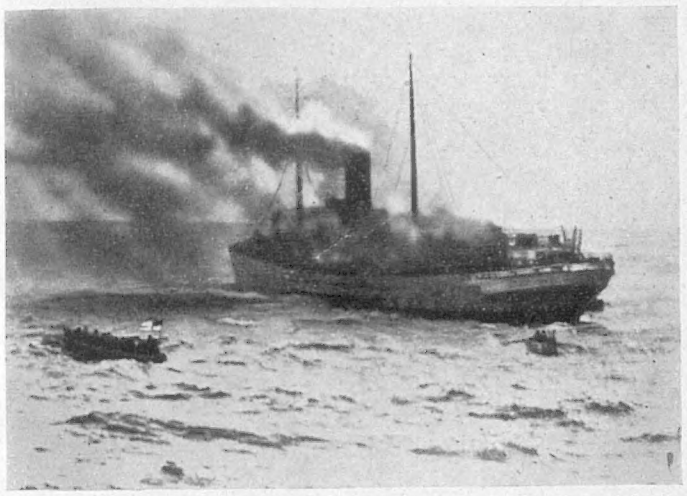
THE OLD STAGER

THE ATTACKS ON ENEMY SHIPPING—By Sea and by Air



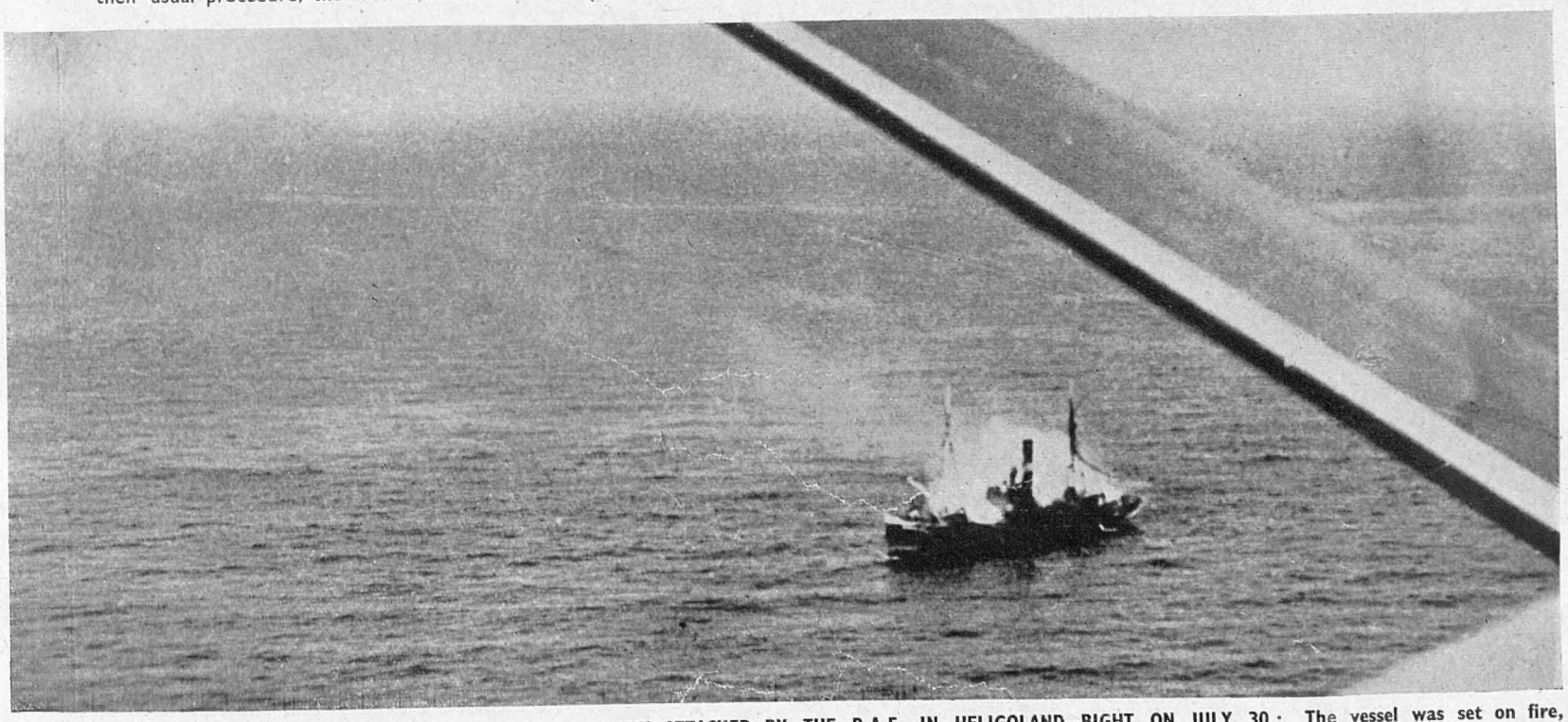
THE R.A.F. ATTACK ON A GERMAN CONVOY IN HELIGOLAND BIGHT, ON JULY 30—a direct hit amidships on a 500-ton ship which was left by the bombers well alight. The Blenheims taking part in the attack flew almost between the masts of the vessels they were attacking *(See also picture below)*

A HIGH GERMAN NAVAL OFFICER, who was amongst the latest batch of naval and air prisoners to pass through a London station after his capture a few days ago



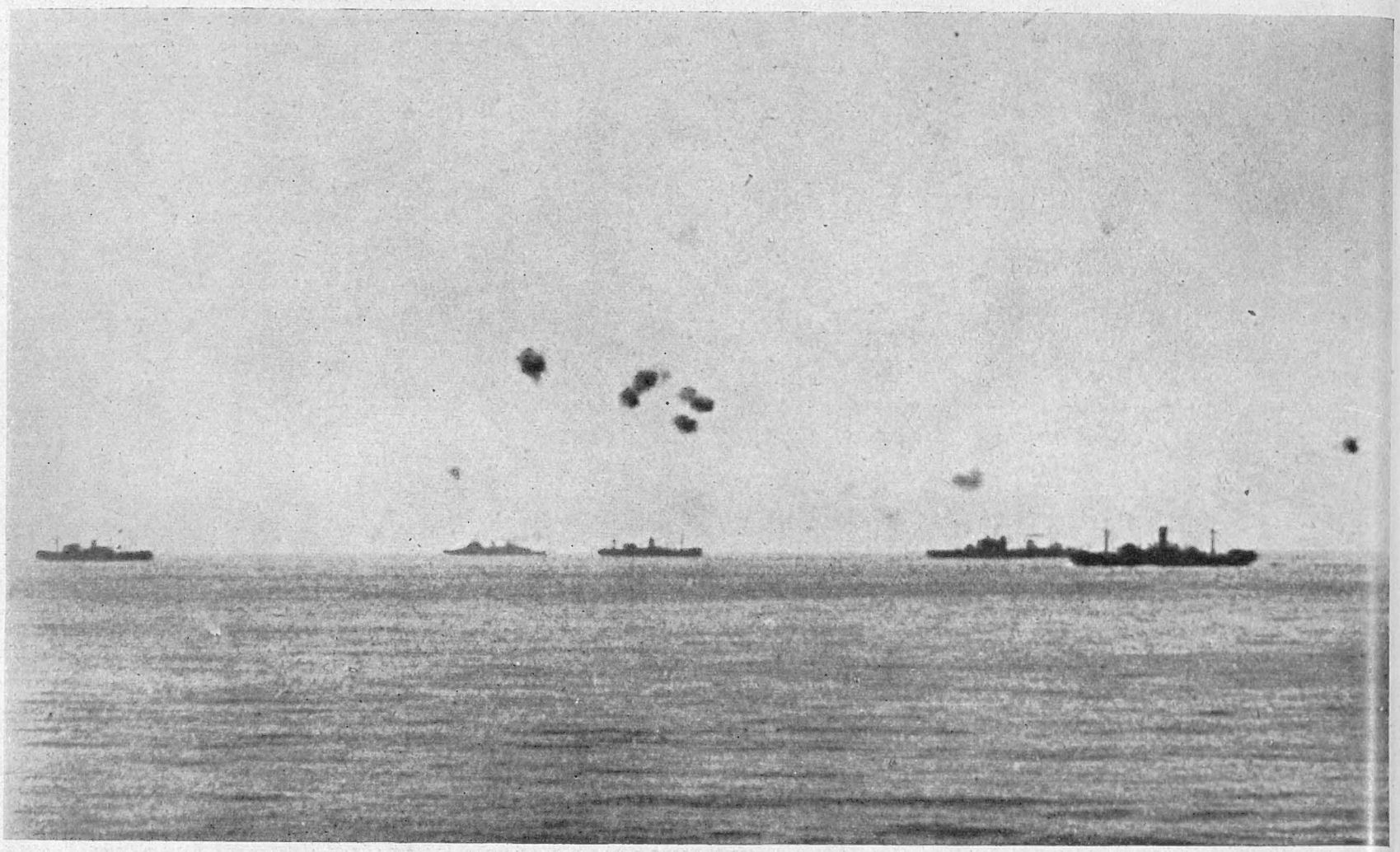
NAZIS FIRE THEIR SHIP IN THE ATLANTIC : The Battle of the Atlantic is not always defence of British and Allied ships against the U-boats. The Navy is there to watch all kinds of shipping. This picture shows an Axis vessel intercepted in the Atlantic : following their usual procedure, the crew set fire to their ship

MEMBERS OF A U-BOAT CREW captured after their submarine had been sunk, lined up on the quayside of a British port for transference to an internment camp

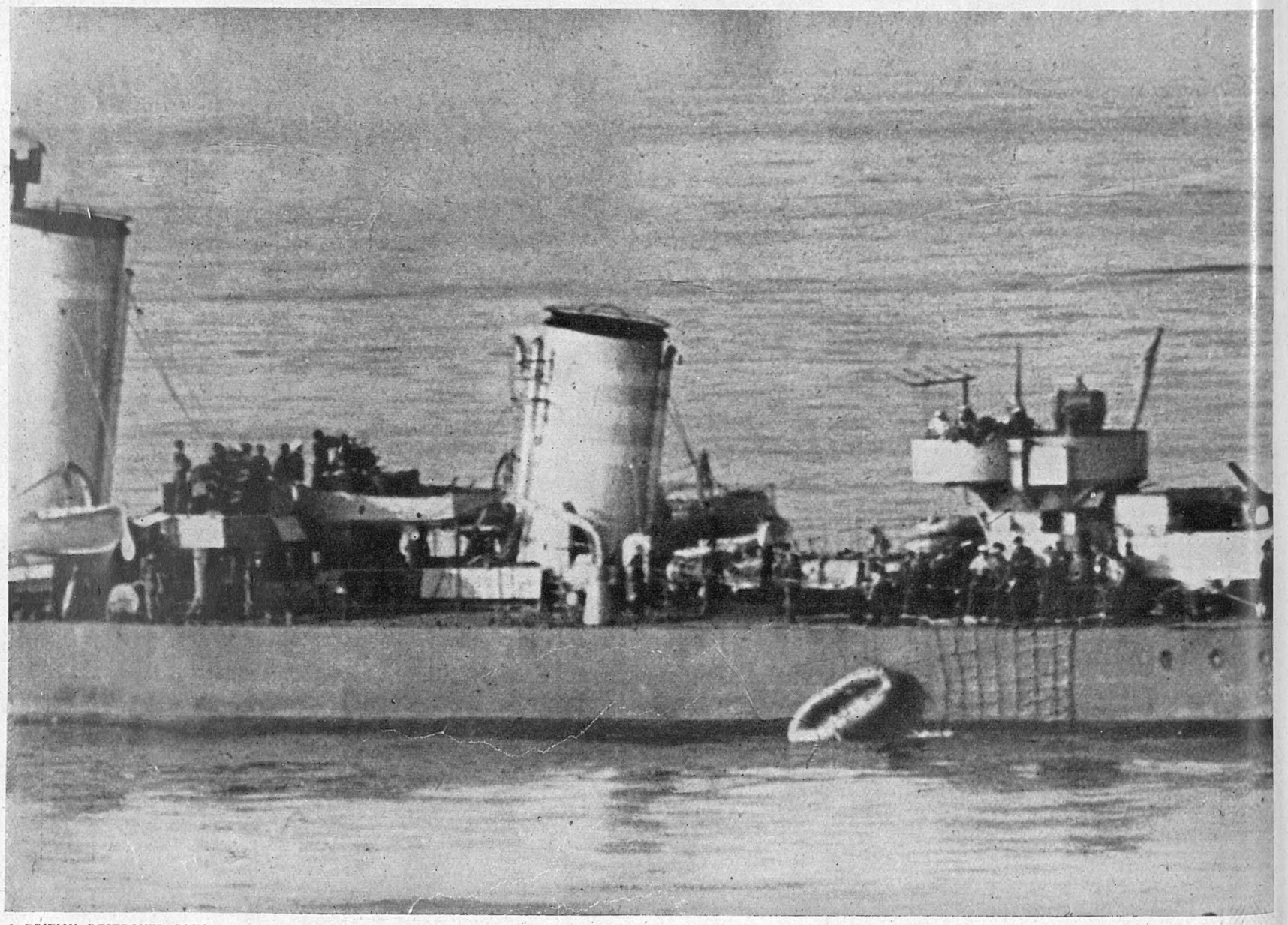


THIS VESSEL OF 500 TONS WAS ONLY ONE OF A GERMAN CONVOY ATTACKED BY THE R.A.F. IN HELIGOLAND BIGHT ON JULY 30 : The vessel was set on fire, a 1,500-ton merchant ship was left sinking, and another vessel of 1,200 tons was blown up

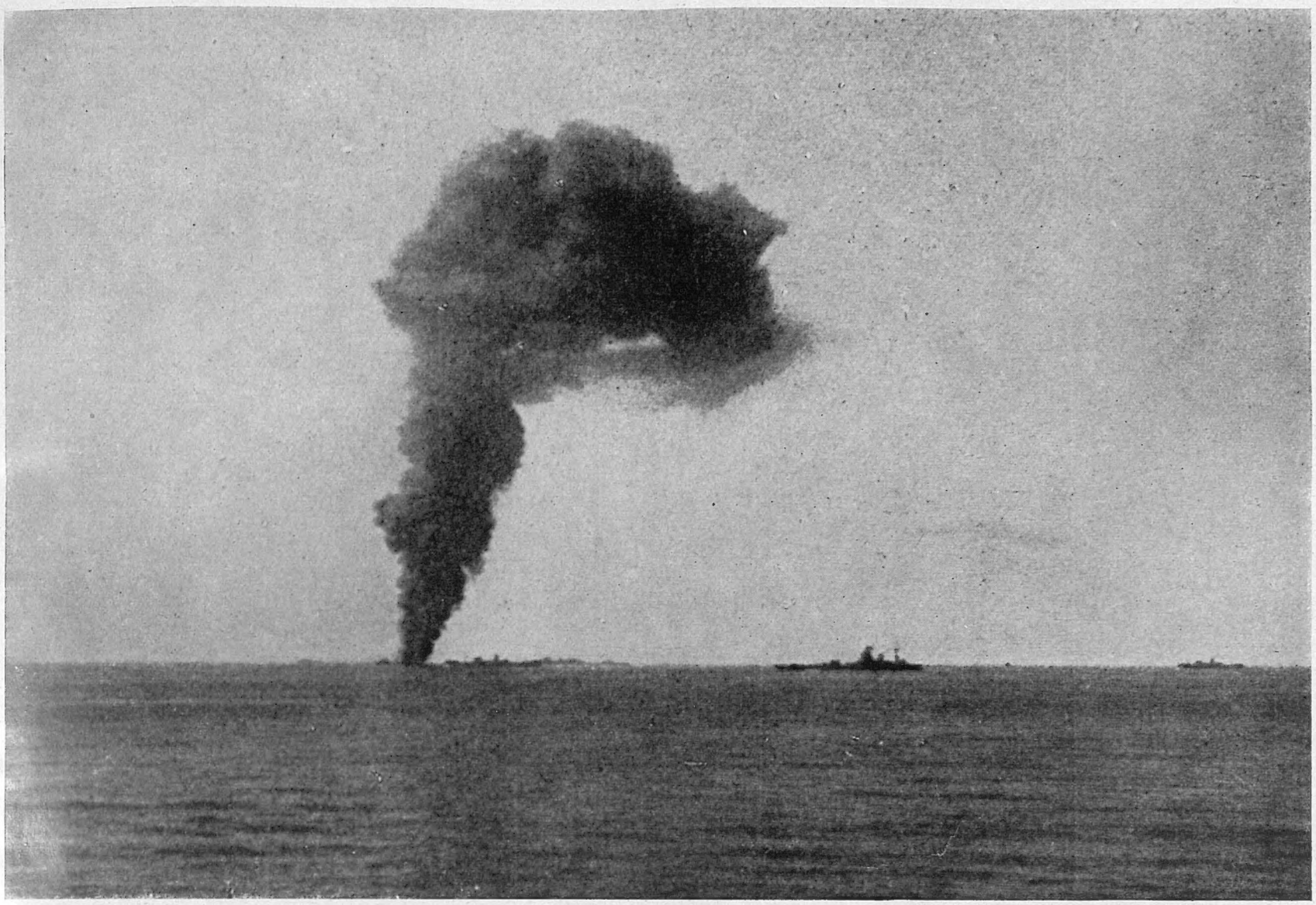
THE MEDITERRANEAN CONVOY WHICH GOT THROUGH AFTER A THREE-DAY ACTION



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE CONVOY STEAMING ON ITS WAY THROUGH A HEAVY BARRAGE PUT UP BY OUR OWN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS : The convoy was an important one; it was subjected to attack by Italian and German submarines and aircraft over a period of three days—but it nevertheless got through safely, despite wild Italian claims



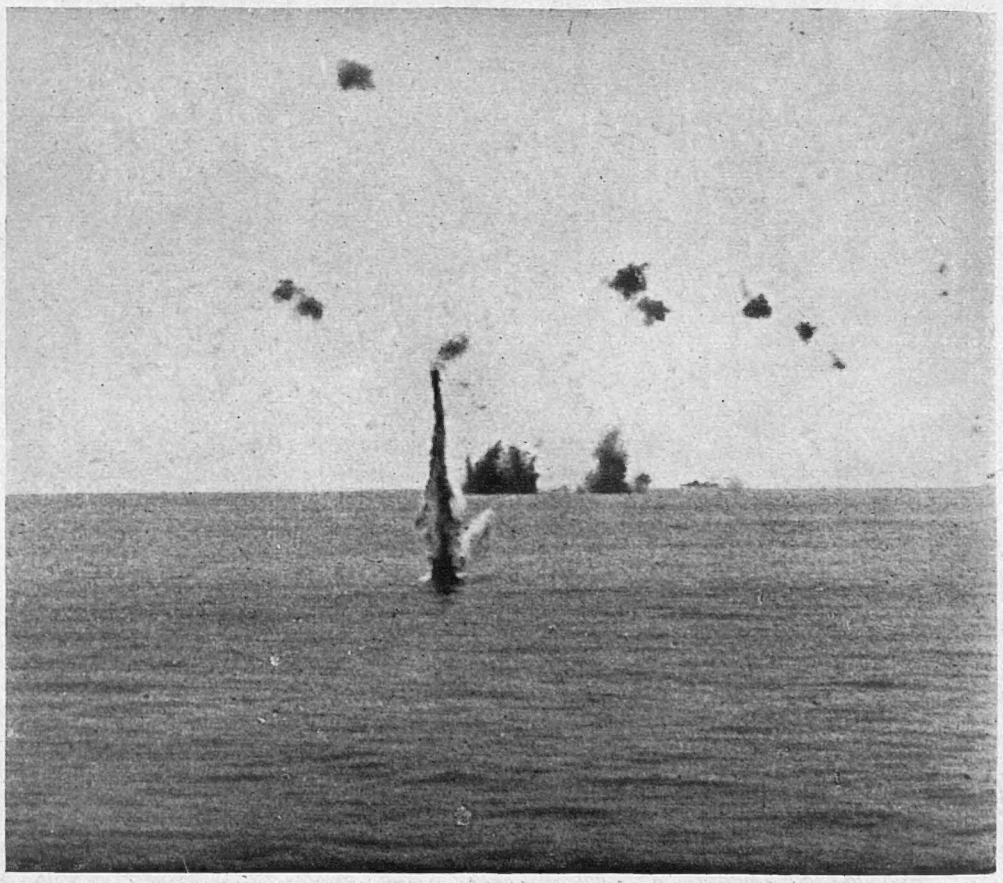
A BRITISH DESTROYER PICKS UP A DINGHY : During the air fighting three of our naval aircraft were shot down and one was damaged (the enemy suffered far heavier losses); the crew of one of our aircraft was saved. This destroyer, with every man at his action station, has stopped to pick up an aircraft dinghy



H.M.S. "FEARLESS," A DESTROYER OF 1,375 TONS, ON FIRE AFTER BEING HIT BY A TORPEDO: She was subsequently sunk by our forces, and the number of casualties sustained amongst her crew was not large. This was the only loss amongst our war vessels

One of the twelve Italian planes brought down by our forces during the action takes its last plunge

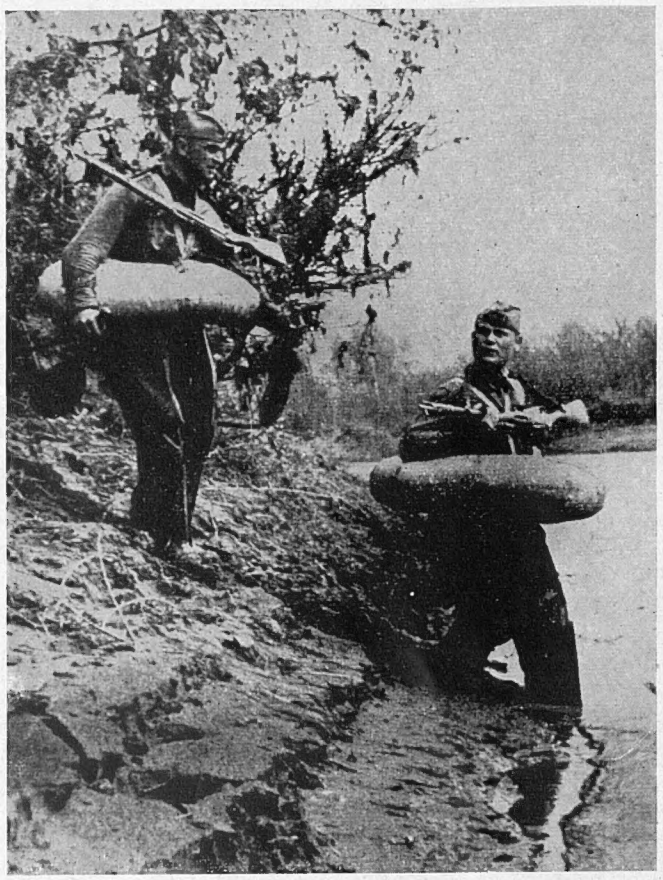
DURING THE COURSE OF THE ACTION: A signaller on a British war vessel heliographs that the convoy must go through



THE A.-A. GUNS OF THE CONVOY'S ESCORTS PUT UP A STIFF BARRAGE. The bursts of the bombs, a good way from the merchantmen, show how wide of the mark were the Italian airmen

The story of the successful passage of one of the largest British convoys which has yet sailed through the Central Mediterranean is here given in a series of remarkable and dramatic pictures taken by a British Newsreel photographer during the course of the action. These operations were under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir J. Somerville, K.C.B., and resulted in all our merchantmen reaching their destination, obeying Admiral Somerville's dramatic signal, "Convoy must go through." For three days our escorting naval forces successfully repelled attacks by U-boat, dive-bombers and torpedo-carrying aircraft. Apart from one attack by E-boats, in which one was sunk and another probably damaged, no attempt was made by enemy surface forces to interfere, although the convoy had of necessity to be for some time in close proximity to the enemy's main bases. Thus, despite their fantastic and totally inaccurate claims, the enemy air forces were unable to prevent a difficult operation being brought to a successful conclusion. (A full description, with comprehensive diagram, is given on pages 182-183 of this issue).

HOW WAR IS BEING WAGED IN RUSSIA



RIVERS ARE NO OBSTACLES TO THE SOLDIERS OF SOVIET RUSSIA : The country is criss-crossed by waterways : the negotiation of such water obstacles has played an important part in the training of the Red Army therefore

HOW THE GUERILLAS ARE ARMED : A pistol at his belt, and with two hand-grenades ready for instant action, this member of the "People's Army" takes up a position in the woods behind the German lines

RUSSIAN RECONNAISSANCE TROOPS CROSSING ONE OF THE WIDEST OF RUSSIAN RIVERS : By means of lightweight paddles whilst supported by lifebuoys of special construction

THE RED ARMY FIGHTS GAS ON THE RIVER : A picture taken just before the war in the Ukraine, which demonstrates the awareness of the Russian High Command to the possibility of such attacks by the Germans—a possibility which now looms large !

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA PLAY THEIR PART : They are already performing many arduous duties. This girl was in peacetime a student at the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture : she is now a nurse in that city, and is here seen as she sets out by motor-cycle on a duty assignment

THE RUSSIANS ARE PREPARED FOR GAS ATTACKS BY THE GERMANS : Here is a parade through the streets of Kiev, the Ukranian capital, by A.R.P. workers in decontamination suits and gas-masks

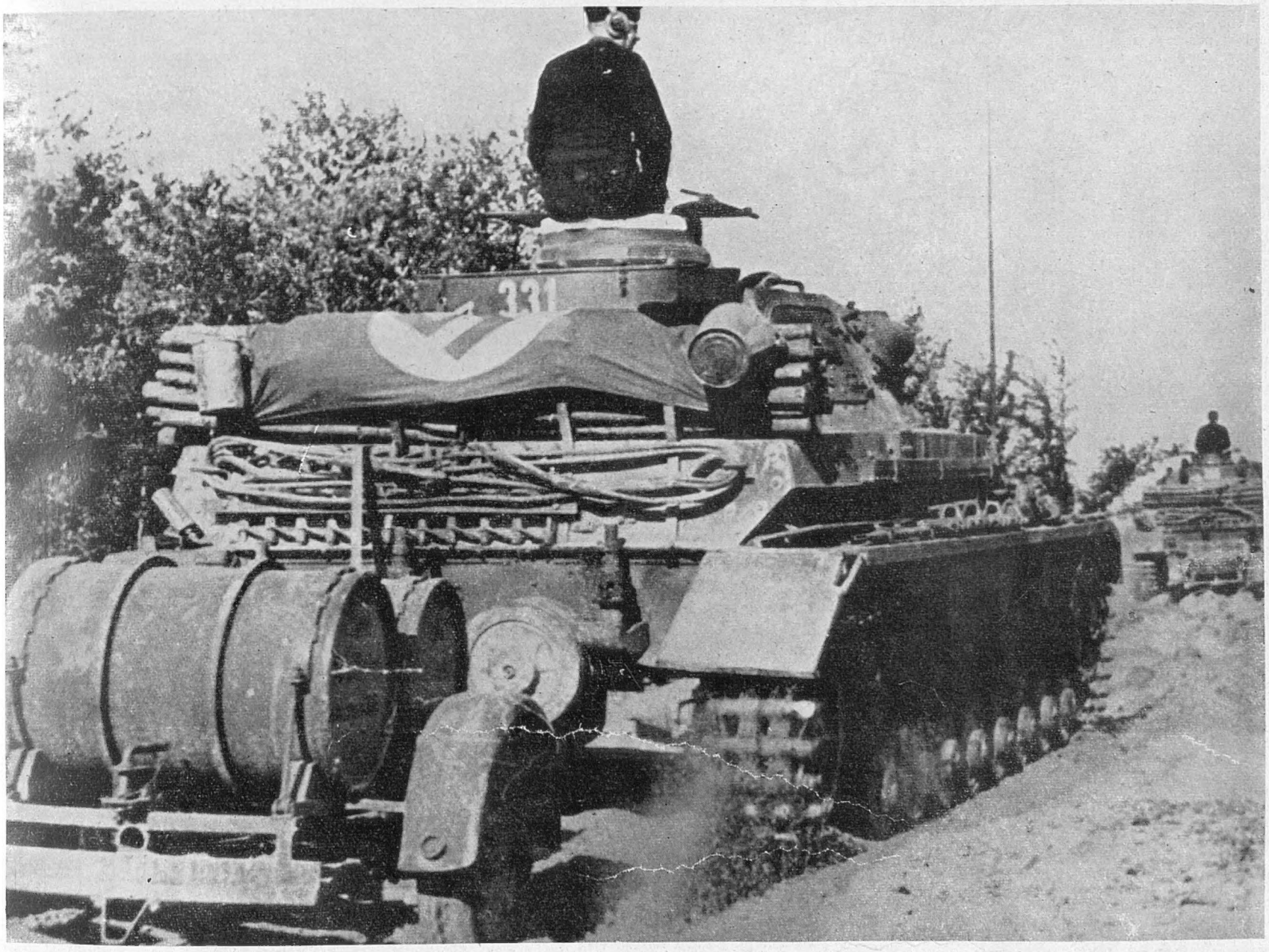
UP ON THE FINNISH FRONT : In the Far Northern sector, where the Finns are trying to reach Leningrad, a Russian doctor treats a prisoner for a leg wound

MOBILE MACHINE-GUNNERS OF THE SOVIET ARMY : Fast and powerfully armed, these motor-cycle troops are capable of performing the same duties as their German counterparts

Voroshilov, with soldiers on the northern sector

Timoshenko in a trench on the central sector

Russian tanks passing a wrecked Nazi tank, during a counter-attack



A NEW IDEA OF THE GERMAN PANZER DIVISIONS—The Nazi heavy tanks carry their own petrol supply in Russia

This interesting picture from the Russian front clearly demonstrates the apprehension of the Nazis regarding their supplies of petrol in the present campaign. The tank seen here was going up to the fighting zone : it has two large reserve petrol tanks fastened to its tail in trailer fashion. In the campaign in France, the German tanks secured all the petrol they needed as they went along—from filling stations, private cars, their own supply lorries and elsewhere. But in Russia the enemy knows that nothing like that will be left by the men of Stalin's Army, who are carrying out their instructions to the letter

VICHY IS CARRYING ON AN UNDECLARED WAR

Without Coming Out into the Open, Vichy Policy is Now Being Directed in All Parts of the World Against the Democracies: This Situation is Discussed in the Following Article

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ON the eve of the Syrian campaign Mr. Eden proclaimed that we would attack the Nazis where we found them and that their assembling on allegedly neutral territory would not protect them. It is high time a second announcement were made to the effect that we intend doing likewise with the Vichy crew and that their alleged defence of the French Empire on North African soil will no longer protect them there.

It is quite possible to leave Unoccupied France alone, even to continue trying to help its unfortunate inhabitants, and concurrently to develop a rigorously realistic attitude towards Vichy-in-Africa where Darlan and Co. can yet do us and others grievous hurt and intend so to do if events march according to their hopes. The plain fact is that Vichy has come to imperil us more than does a Mussolini. The people of this country well realise that Vichy is in a state of undeclared, underhand war with us, and that unless coped with, the situation will block us, draw out the war, and may even come to hold grave danger. We can get at Fascist Italy, thrust and parry. Our hands are tied in regard to Fascist Vichy which, enjoying complete immunity, vitally helps our enemies whenever asked and even when not asked.

Here let me mention "A Message to Free France" that has fetched up at Free French H.Q. in London, from the unoccupied zone. It runs: "Although the population of this zone is unanimous in wishing for liberation and in rejecting collaboration with the Germans, which would perpetuate our bondage, not all realise that this odious collaboration is a necessity for the Government. Born of defeat, Vichy would perish with victory. It can only survive in the atmosphere of submission. Our hopes are centred upon Free France." That 's all very well. But it is no use trying to tell us over here that Vichy *had* to go the lengths it has done. Had Vichy wanted a democratic victory, it would have acted very differently. It wants a Fascist victory, and to that basic hope has since been added the urge for these men to ensure their careers and the necessity for them to ensure their heads. These power-crazed, class-hating cravens know how both depend upon a Hitler victory, so they strive to bring this about.

Bull's-eye! A new situation has arisen. The potential danger to the British Empire 'of Japan's huge and gratis hop towards Singapore is just another instance of what we 've been growing used to from Vichy (Axis use of Tunisian waters, Syria, Moroccan U-boat bases), but now something new is *en marche*. French everywhere are realising that Vichy is also imperilling the French Empire, in fact, is giving it away like an elderly strumpet appeasing virile gangsters if these will smile on her and not break up the apartment.

France will never again own Indo-China should the Axis win. Syria had to be wrenched from Vichy. Jibuti is beleaguered. Martinique and Guadeloupe are policed. Morocco is promised to Franco—what Hitler doesn't covet. Algeria is there for the taking by the strong and predatory. Tunis is bespoke to the Duce.

Secondly, the United States are equally awakening to the fact that all Admiral Leahy's sailor diplomacy has availed nothing with Darlan, whose response was to mount Indo-China, a Far-Eastern alliance with Japan as dangerous to the United States as it is to the British. Why keep Leahy at Vichy? Darlan will mount just as dangerous a coup against America at Dakar or Casablanca or both if he gets the chance, Leahy or no Leahy.

Can't we do something—the three of us—to protect ourselves from Vichy? It seems to me that what 's lacking is a just and fitting appreciation of the Vichy crew as a phenomenon apart from, and outside the rest of France, to be treated accordingly (of course, I link the Lavals of Paris with Vichy). What we couldn't do a year or even a few months ago in relation to these men, we can do to-day, namely, indict and handle them as open enemies operating within the confines of an overwhelmingly well-disposed France. "Vichy"—of what in essence does it consist? That 's worth examining. Remove the following, and "Vichy" would cease to be: The Darlan crew at the top, "The Legion" or attempt at a French Nazi Party which manhandles to order, a much reinforced and cruel police, the French Fascists, ten per cent., and "featuring" Big in Business and the former Hooded Men, and an unknown, top-heavily commissioned section of the Navy. These are the ones among forty millions who 've gambled on our downfall, who render possible the surrender and manipulation of the French Empire to our increasing hurt, and who should be branded for what they are in justification of action we 'd be fools to delay much longer.

THE ENTRY OF THE BRITISH FORCES INTO BEYROUT AFTER THE SYRIAN ARMISTICE: The scene on the balcony of Government House as General Catroux, General Sir Henry Wilson and Lieut.-Gen. Laverack acknowledged the reception accorded to them by the civil population of the city

The remaining places where Vichy can damage the anti-Hitler world are Tunis, Morocco and Dakar. Tunis is our show. Morocco and Dakar are mainly America's. That Washington should still think it worth while to court Weygand, should not bind us from action against one who has come out bitterly against us, if he hasn't done as much with regard to America. Realistic war-waging should make it perfectly possible for us to treat Weygand as an enemy without that causing the mildest rift with the United States.

The campaigning season in Libya and North Africa, generally, is coming round again. The Italians advanced to Mersa Matruh in early September last. I sincerely hope that if our commanders in the three elements are formulating plans to attack westwards, political London will sanction their looking beyond Tripoli as final objective.

Maybe it 's time we got around to a spot of protecting, too; not Japanese but real protection which would not only protect ourselves, but also the population involved. Maybe this protection might be extended to a portion of Overseas France, the whole of which stands so glaringly in need of the right sort of protection—by people who would restore things intact to the French. Why shouldn't we aim at protecting for the duration the French Protectorate of Tunisia as the land, sea and air sequel to any new move on Mussolini's remaining strip of Empire? If Rommel's Panzer forces are being even reduced in Libya, then the greater the invitation to us to press on the moment shipping and our commitments elsewhere render the thing feasible. Surprise would be the essence, and the enemy, including Vichy, wouldn't be sure whether our preparations mightn't envisage Tripoli or Sicily. I merely glance around and see no more paying proposition in times close upon us than a temporary Allied incursion into Tunisia. This would:

Spike the Hitler-Mussolini-Darlan-Franco scheme to drive the British from the Mediterranean;

Give us command of the Sicilian Narrows, thereby virtually cutting off the Axis from Tripoli, and allow our convoys to pass in a maximum of safety instead of so many of them having to take eight weeks round the Cape;

Put Sicily, Southern Italy, Sardinia, and much of the Italian harbour-Fleet at our bombers' mercy, and, by as good as writing off Libya from Mussolini's Empire, reduce Italian desire to continue the war to near zero;

Put Egypt in much greater security than it was even when we were at Benghazi;

Relieve Malta and enhance its value as Malta well deserves;

Help Russia by drawing off Germans and Italians from the Turkish enterprise, and by smashing at Russia's bitter Fascist foes in the Mediterranean, to say nothing of strengthening Russia's Ally, Britain;

Discount a deal of Franco's "destruction of the British Empire" plan to enter the war, so clearly fixed to conform to a schedule Hitler is striving to keep;

Deliver a right to the chin of pro-Nazi Frenchmen and expose the spineless hari-kiri of Vichy;

Protect Lake Chad, vital cross-roads which, as Professor Denis Saurat reminds us, is in danger.

As to what the Allies might draw upon themselves, besides a resistance, it would be futile to envisage lightly, they would need to consider two countries only: the United States and France. It would be necessary to convince the Americans that we were not become an aggressor nation and this could be done if we followed the advice of the chief American broadcaster here, Edward Murrow, who says his countrymen are perfectly prepared for hard realism if we put it over properly. Like this:

"Vichy, by allowing Japan into Indo-China, is imperilling the United States just as much as the British Empire. By going into Tunis temporarily—since all French people know in their hearts that the British would quit directly the war was won—Britain would reduce Vichy's power to weaken still further those opposed to Hitler. In other words, Britain temporarily in Tunis would fortify the United States."

That should let us out with the United States. As for France, or, rather, for *the French people*, quite a different thing from the Vichy crowd who speak and act for France, the French people raised no hullabaloo over Syria. On the contrary, French prisoners in our hands have told how they were spat upon on their way through France when it became known they were bound for Syria. If the advantages of the Allies going into Tunis were impressed by radio on the French people under the Sign of V, if a complete guarantee were given that Tunis would go back to France and that meanwhile its 60,000 native-born French and 45,000 naturalised French would be given the highest consideration, I don't believe the French would feel or do anything more than they showed over Syria.

But one would have to rely on Mr. Bracken wielding the political warfare weapon as it 's never yet been used in this war. "The way to the freeing of France is via the Allies in Tunis." We might even be go-ahead enough to put Muslim broadcasters to work, schooling the native Tunisians. For Tunis, including most of its 100,000 Italians, wants to be free under a free France.

Finally, I call your special attention to this. In June 1940, General de Gaulle declared he would not fight fellow-Frenchmen and we know what happened at Dakar. To-day the General is in Beyrout after his troops fought other Frenchmen to get there. Why shouldn't the General carry his Cross of Lorraine to Tunis too? Of this, at any rate, we could be sure: Free Frenchmen would not demur if we challenged in Tunis their deadly enemy Vichy.

It may be early yet to talk of an expedition with Bizerta as goal. It is not too early to get into the frame of mind that would ordain it, nor to generate an offensive-mindedness towards Vichy where it can still bring us grievous hurt—North Africa.

RUSSIAN GUERILLA TROOPS, PURPOSELY LEFT BEHIND DURING THE GERMAN ADVANCE, ATTACK A TRAIN BEARING ENEMY TROOPS—*Drawing by T. Walker*

The Russians have introduced a new element into their campaign—that of the guerilla band. Hitherto the Germans have terrified their opponents, who have fled, or laid down their arms, as soon as the formidable tanks and mechanised infantry approached. Not so the Russians! As they retreat, they leave behind strongly-held "pockets": and after the German advance has swept by, out come the bands of Russian soldiers, to harry and destroy the enemy in the rear and to break up the supply and transport columns. The incident depicted above illustrates one method employed by the guerillas—this incident was admitted by the Germans in their own reports! A food supply train in the front zone suddenly ran into machine-gun fire which emanated from Russian infantry left behind to hinder the German communications. The guerillas attacked the railway guard accompanying the transport and wiped them out. The Russians only retired from the scene of the action when further large forces of Germans appeared

GUERILLA WARFARE in RUSSIA

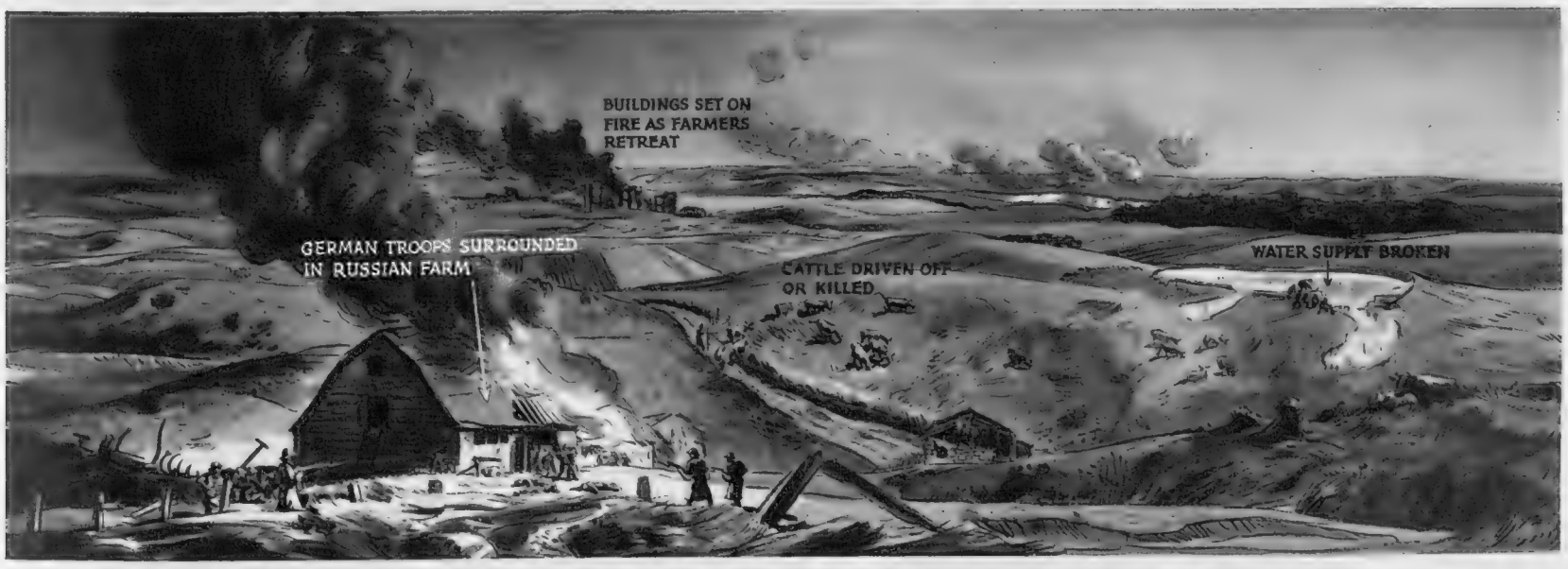
How the German Invaders are Met by the Soviet Soldiers in Bitter Fighting Behind the Lines

***On left*—A NAZI AIRCRAFT BROUGHT DOWN BY SOVIET AIRMEN:** The German losses in this respect must be very formidable!

***On right*—GERMAN OFFICERS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE RUSSIANS:** Great numbers of these have already fallen into the hands of our Ally

***On left*—MOUNTED GUERILLAS OF THE "PEOPLE'S ARMY"** riding off to their place of concealment after receiving weapons and instructions. They are waging a never-ceasing "War of Nerves" against the harassed Nazi divisions

***On right*—MEN OF THE "PEOPLE'S ARMY"** on their way to take up positions in the woods from which to continue their harassing operations



THE RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE POPULATION COLLABORATES WITH THE INFANTRY GUERILLAS TO HARASS THE ENEMY—*Drawing by T. Walker*

The details of how war is being waged in Russia show how literally Stalin's "scorched earth" instructions are being followed. When it became known in one village that Nazi forces were approaching, young people emptied the granary and transported the grain to the nearest station for conveyance elsewhere; milkmaids drove their cows through the fields to trample down the growing crops; whole beet plantations were ploughed under by tractor; fattened pigs were slaughtered and handed over to a Red regiment; and everything in the way of buildings and equipment which could be destroyed was smashed. Young men demolished a dyke and released the water from the Collective Farm pond, and choked up the wells. The peasants then all took to the woods. A detachment of Soviet partisans learned that German troops were plundering a neighbouring farm: they surrounded the farm at night and opened fire with machine-guns. In such manner—even behind the line of the German advance—the Russian people have been fighting back, giving the enemy no respite

TWO METHODS OF DEALING WITH THE GERMAN TANKS, AS REPORTED IN RECENT ACCOUNTS FROM RUSSIA—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In the fighting in Russia, the Red Air Force (reported to have been destroyed within a few days of the opening of hostilities!) have been dealing brilliantly with the German tanks. A recent report from Russia reads as follows: "A unit of dive-bombers, under the command of Captain Voronin, spotted an enemy tank column along the edge of a wood. As the bombers were deploying to attack, a group of Messerschmitts appeared. The Soviet bombers gave battle simultaneously to the German fighters and ground forces. They attacked the fighters and forced them to withdraw, then rained bombs on the tanks, dispersing them and destroying a great number. The tanks which had not been damaged were then successfully pursued by our bombers." That incident is the subject of Mr. Davies' drawing above. The drawing in the upper right shows an incident reported in a dispatch from the front to the Moscow newspaper *Izvestia*: it concerns the brilliant 14-hour defence of a Russian town which was vainly attacked by 70 German tanks supported by dive-bombers and motorised troops. The tanks charged out of a forest and fell into a deep system of anti-tank trenches and minefields, in which seven machines were destroyed. The rest of the tanks then approached the town, but the Russians laid down a box barrage of artillery fire, cutting off reinforcements whilst the Red infantry went into action with anti-tank guns. They destroyed 38 tanks, many lorries, and forced the enemy to retreat

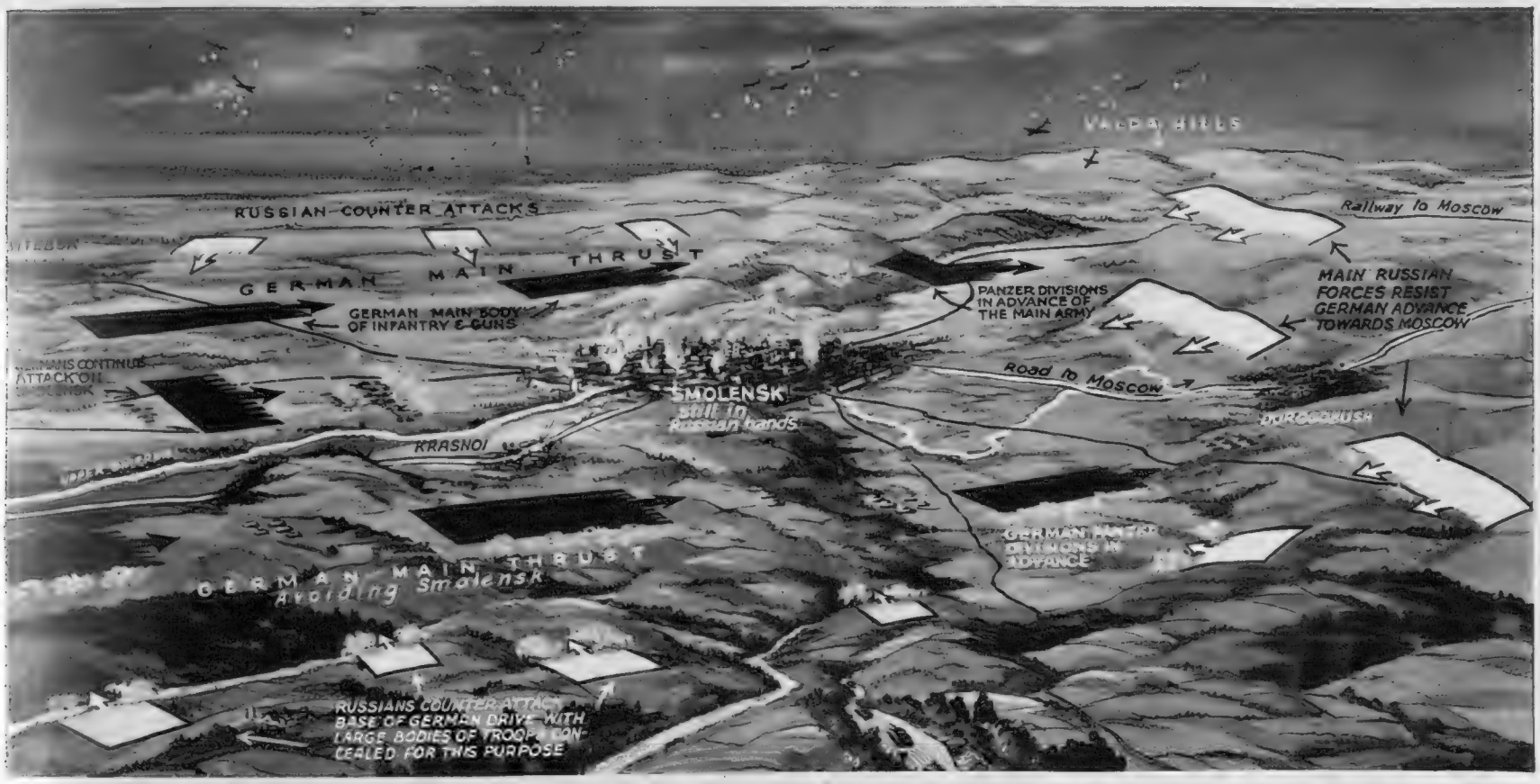
THE BRILLIANT RUSSIAN TACTICS AGAINST TANKS AND MECHANISED COLUMNS ARE HERE CLEARLY EXPLAINED—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The main battle area lies far away to the right: behind the fighting zone columns of transports, bearing ammunition, food and fresh troops, are moving up to the front. But the retreating Russians have left behind a strong force of guerillas: at the appropriate moment, dive-bombers swoop down on the head of the German column, throwing it into great confusion and stopping its further progress. At this point, the guerillas appear and destroy the temporary bridge over which the column is passing—thus splitting the enemy into three parts. The head of the column is dealt with by the dive-bombers; the second portion is attacked by the guerillas; whilst the third part is separated from the scene of action by the broken bridge! The tanks accompanying the column for its protection are soon immobilised, and in the ensuing struggle the whole column is very severely handled

THE WAR IN RUSSIA

SEVENTY GERMAN TANKS VAINLY ATTACK A RUSSIAN TOWN FOR FOURTEEN HOURS, but are driven off with a loss of over 50 per cent.—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* (See notes on left)

PART OF THE CONFLICT IS BEING WAGED IN THICK SNOW : Though it is now the height of summer, part of the Russian-German war is being waged over ground where the snow still lies thick. Here is a Nazi tank making difficult headway up a snow-covered bank after crossing a stream in North Russia.



AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE FIGHTING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWN OF SMOLENSK—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The various contradictory reports of the fighting in this area will be the better comprehended after a study of the above drawing. It is true that the Germans made an advance beyond the city towards the east ; but this advance was only by *Panzer* divisions unsupported by infantry who could not effect contact with the faster moving tanks. Smolensk remained in Russian hands ; as the main Russian forces held up the *Panzers* in the east, other Russian forces began to beat at the German flanks north and south of the city. At the same time, whole sections of the advanced German forces were cut off and digested by the Russians bit by bit. So that the attackers became the attacked ! In this region the fighting has been of the bitterest nature

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR FATHERLAND : Men and women, in answer to Stalin's appeal, engaged on the task of digging an anti-tank trench on the outskirts of Moscow in case the German advance on the capital should be resumed

SOVIET TROOPS DESTROY EQUIPMENT—and use it to block rivers. By this means the river is rendered unnavigable for Nazi transports as well as completing the destruction of the equipment

WHEN OUR TURN COMES . .

These are the Methods which will be Used by the British Army when we Invade the Enemy's Territory. All these are Official Pictures and were Taken During Recent Operations in Britain

PACK ANIMALS CAN GO WHERE LORRIES CANNOT : During recent exercises in the Western Command, Indian troops with pack ponies and mules were used in certain of the operations. The object of this was to test the transport services of the pack animals in places where motor vehicles could not be used. In the picture above, a body of infantry are seen crossing a river in their "assault boats" to hold the opposite bank so that the pack animals behind could later make the crossing in safety

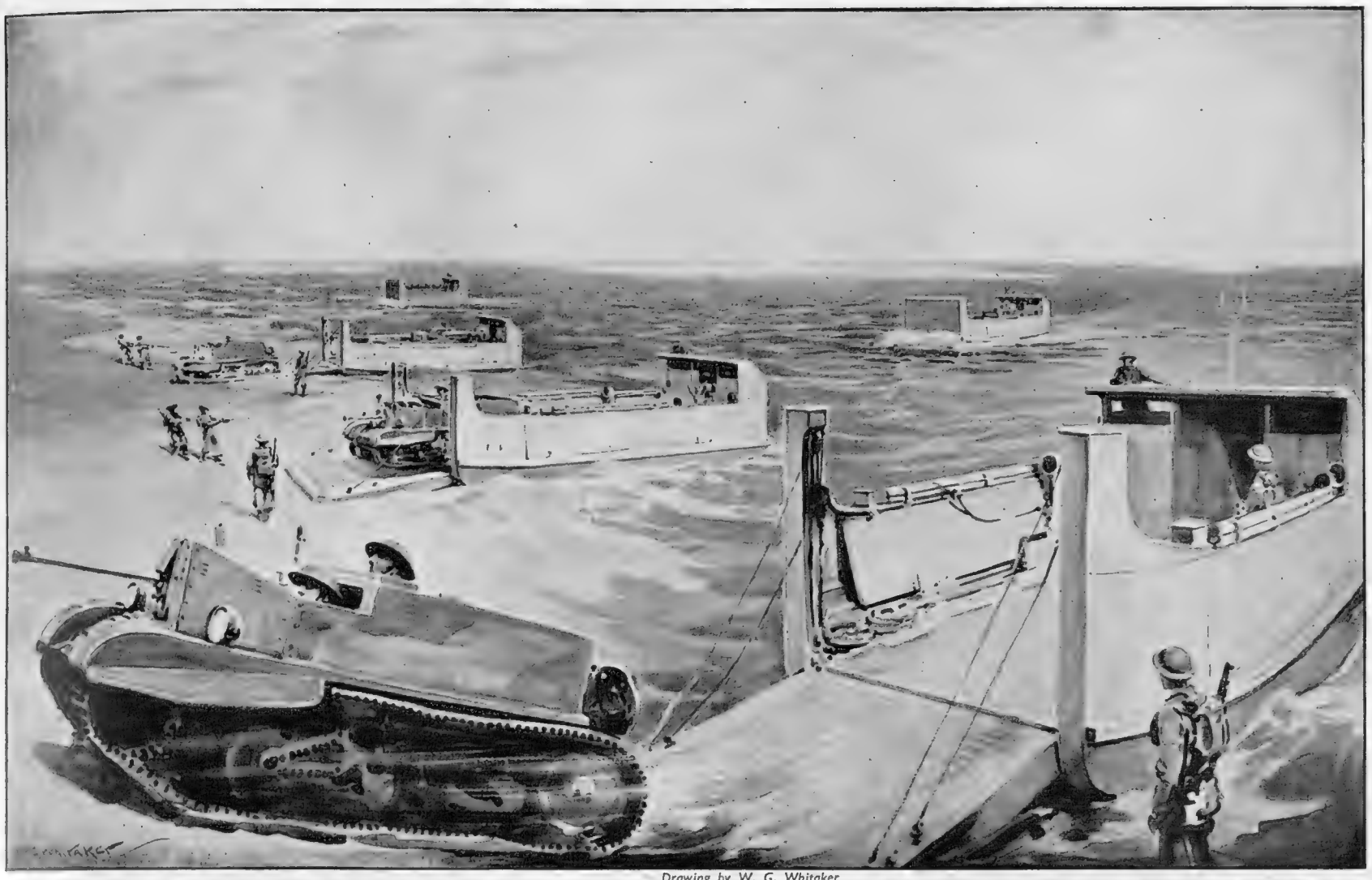
Pack animals making light of their burdens when scrambling up the bank of a river they have just forded

"SHOCK TROOPS" BRING UP THE AMMUNITION UNDER GREAT DIFFICULTIES : A battalion of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry carrying out an invasion exercise during training in Northern Ireland. The men are making their way over a rocky foreshore with their heaviest weapon—a three-inch mortar (carried by the soldiers in sections) and its necessary ammunition (carried in containers—two to each man)

IN CHARGE OF THE CANADIAN TANK BRIGADE—Brigadier F. F. Worthington, Commanding Officer, who has risen from the ranks. He holds the Military Medal and Bar and also the Military Cross and Bar! He has just arrived in Britain with the largest troop contingent yet sent from the Dominion. The Brigade is fully equipped with Churchills, Matildas and Valentines: its personnel is made up of Canadians and of Americans who crossed the border to enlist

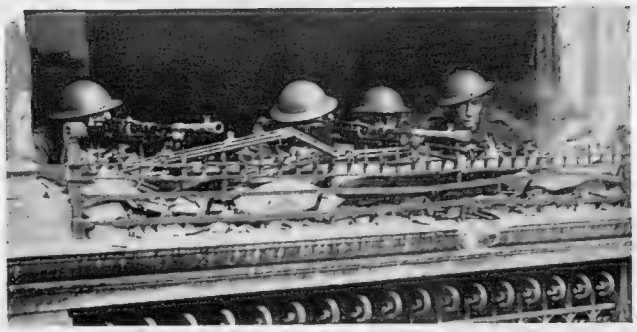
THE ROYAL MARINES IN TRAINING AT EASTNEY : Being rehearsed for their part in landing exercises: they carry full equipment and are seated four abreast in large barges—two men to each oar

A CARRIER ADVANCES THROUGH A SMOKE SCREEN : A picture taken during an "Attack" on the City of London: this was staged by a Quebec regiment who were supposed to have been air-borne



Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

BRITISH "INVASION BARGES" and the method whereby they will transport our Bren-gun carriers: These landing craft are similar to those used in the successful raid on the Lofoten Islands in Norway. During a recent visit to Scotland the Prime Minister saw troops, vehicles and equipment landed by this means when he witnessed an Invasion rehearsal and inspected our forces during an Exercise



Canadians holding the ruins of a blitzed building: a scene during a recent "invasion" of London

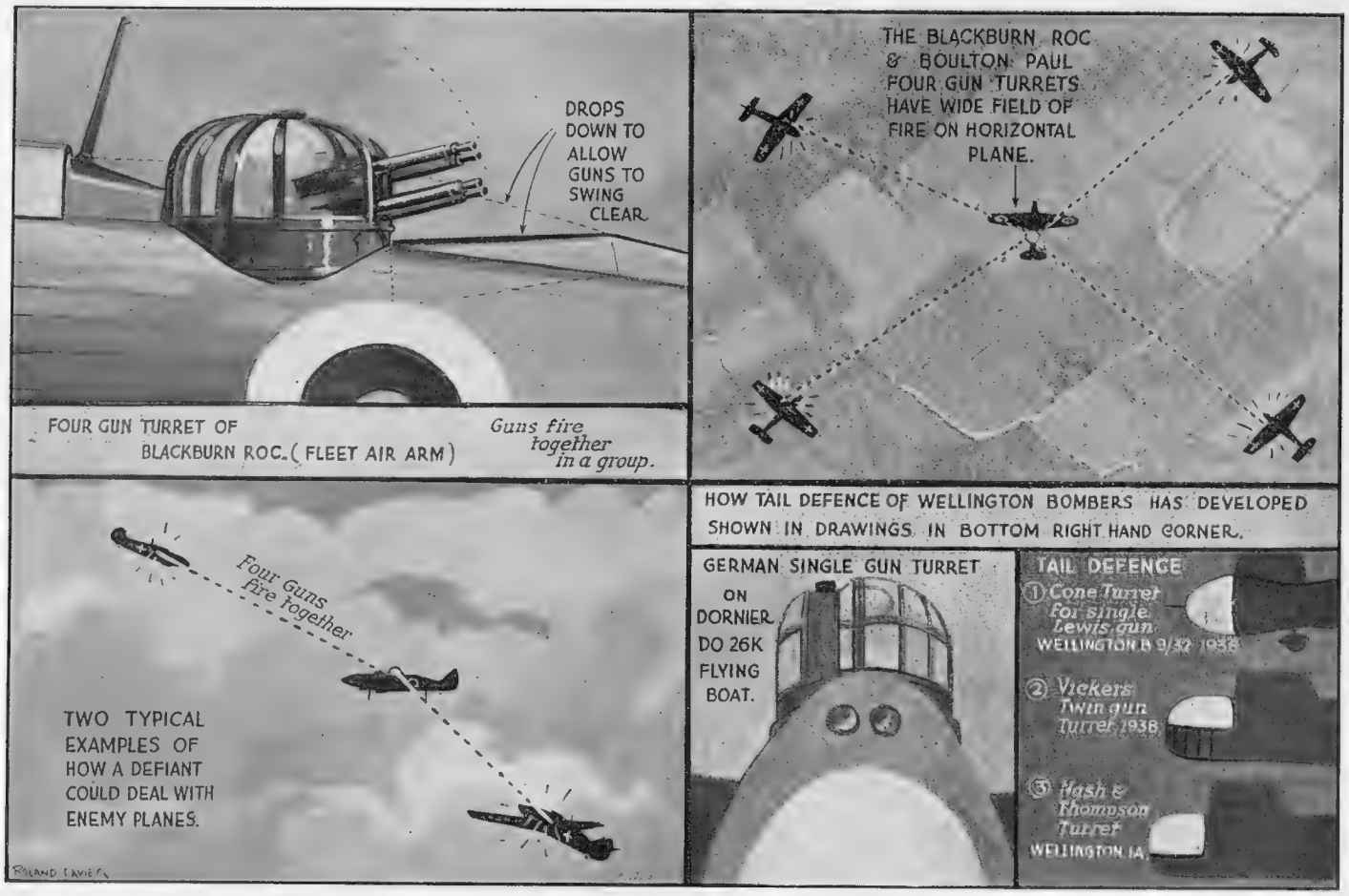
A NEW TYPE OF BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION BY BRITISH ENGINEERS: When operations are carried out in enemy territory it may be necessary to construct our own bridges at certain points. Here is a new type of bridge which has just been constructed in Sussex: and it is the first time the "Derrick and Preventor" method of launching has been carried out. Two double-truss girders, each weighing 27 tons and 140 ft. in length, form the main part of the bridge. A derrick is erected to pull, by winch, the girders across a river. A cable and winch is secured to the opposite end to prevent the girder toppling when past the point of balance—which is the stage just reached above

Communications during offensive operations are maintained by means of portable radio sets such as the above

A Canadian Bren-gun carrier moves forward to the attack, with one of the crew aiming a bomb at defending troops

When the armoured cars come to a halt, out pours a stream of Canadians armed with machine-guns and rifles who charge through the smoke-screen

A tank fires away at the enemy: a paratroop (not yet rounded up by the defenders) remains on the roof, whilst others of his companions are captured and marched away



SOME TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF GUN TURRETS IN BRITISH AND ENEMY AIRCRAFT—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In the upper left-hand is the four-gun turret of the Blackburn Roc, now being used by the Fleet Air Arm: below is an illustration of the methods by which the Defiant disposes of its enemies; the most deadly feature of this aircraft is its broadside fire; incidentally, the Defiant is also being used for night-fighting. The Blackburn Roc and the Boulton Paul Defiant both have a very wide field of fire on the horizontal plane, and all four guns swing round together with the turret. The drawing in the bottom right shows three stages in the development of the tail turret of the Wellington: the first shows the cone turret of the year 1936, the second the Vickers turret of 1938, and the third the Nash and Thompson turret as fitted to the present type of Wellington IA. Included above is also an illustration of the turret on the new Dornier Do 26K flying-boat which mounts a single cannon gun

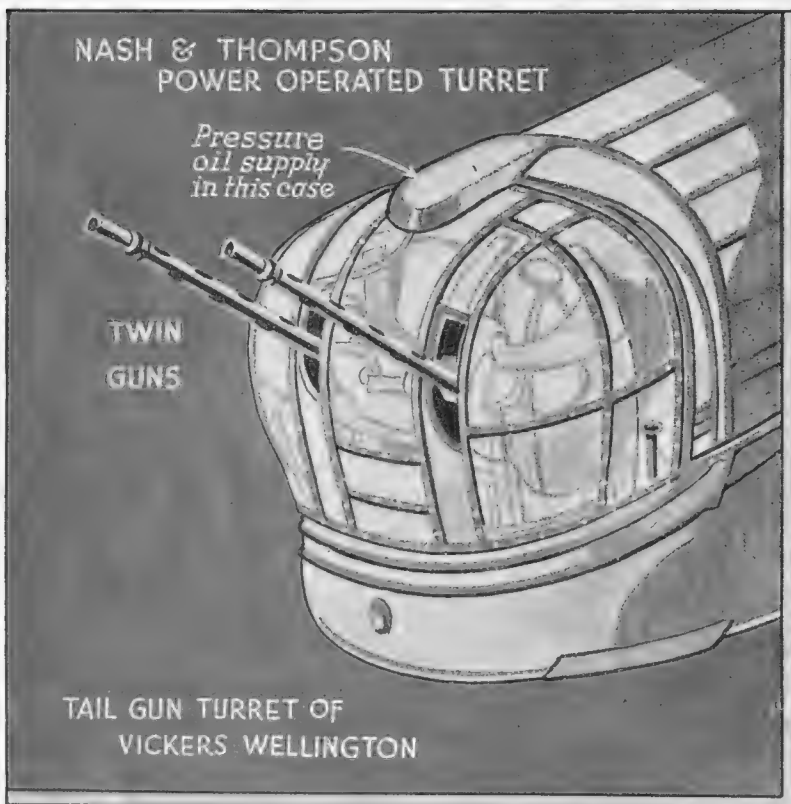
THE GUN TURRETS of the BOMBERS

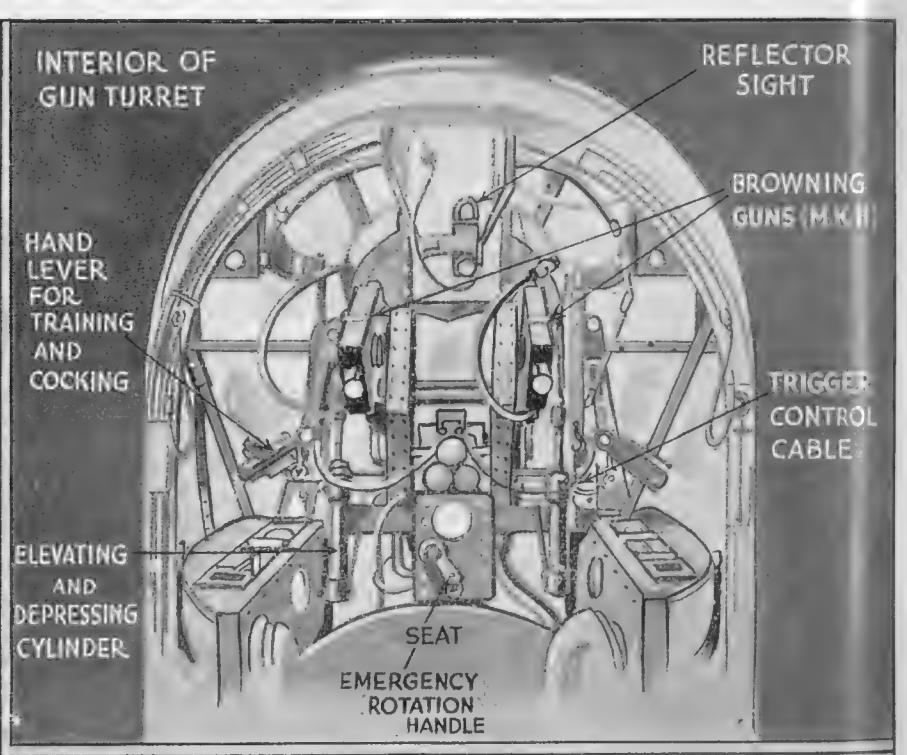
How they are Placed and How they are Operated

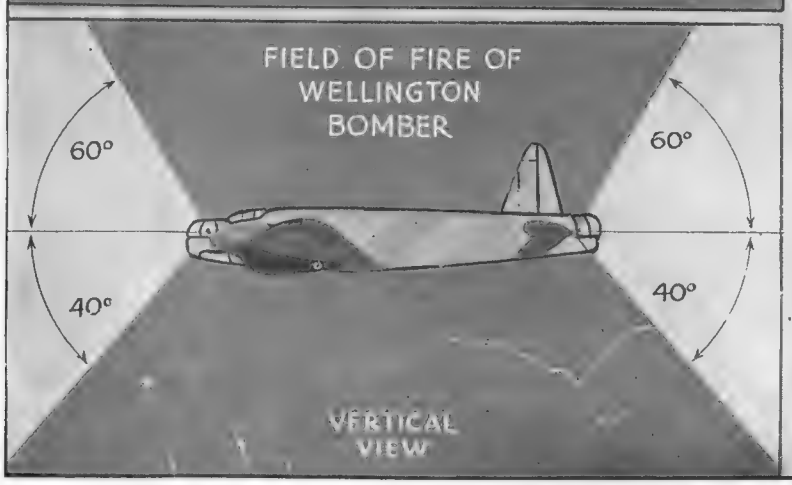
ON some of our bombing aircraft we now have three of the famous power-operated gun turrets for the protection of aeroplane and crew: these are a nose turret; tail turret; and a retractable and rotating turret beneath the fuselage, for security against attack from below.

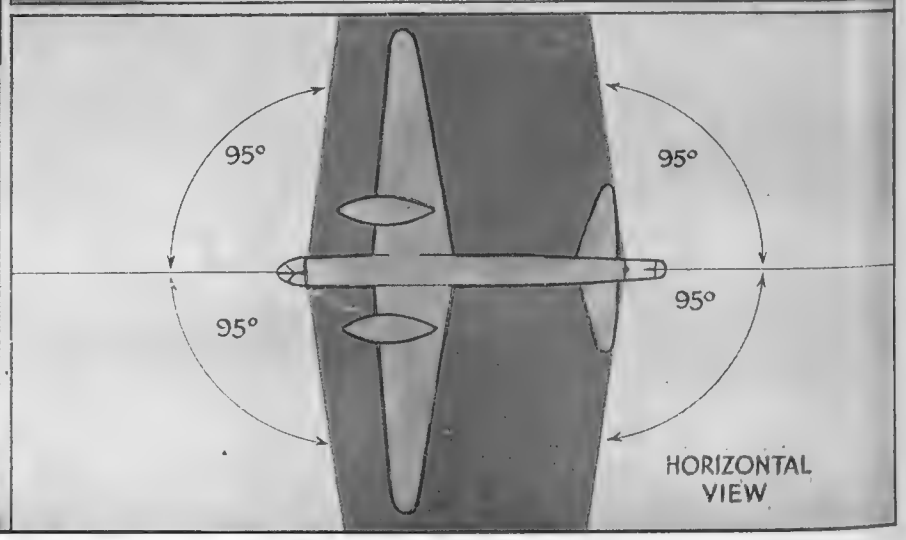
The gun turrets fitted on British aircraft—or any aircraft, for that matter—are not over-roomy, being about 31 in. in diameter, and about 33½ in. from the level of rotation to the top. With certain types the seat turns with the turret itself, so that the gunner is always square-on to his target. Hydraulic operation is employed for the elevation, traversing and firing.

To fire the guns, the air-gunner presses the trigger, and this movement is then transmitted through Bowden cables to the hydraulic control-box and then to the guns. About one thousand rounds of ammunition is often provided for each gun, and each turret has 1,000 rounds in reserve



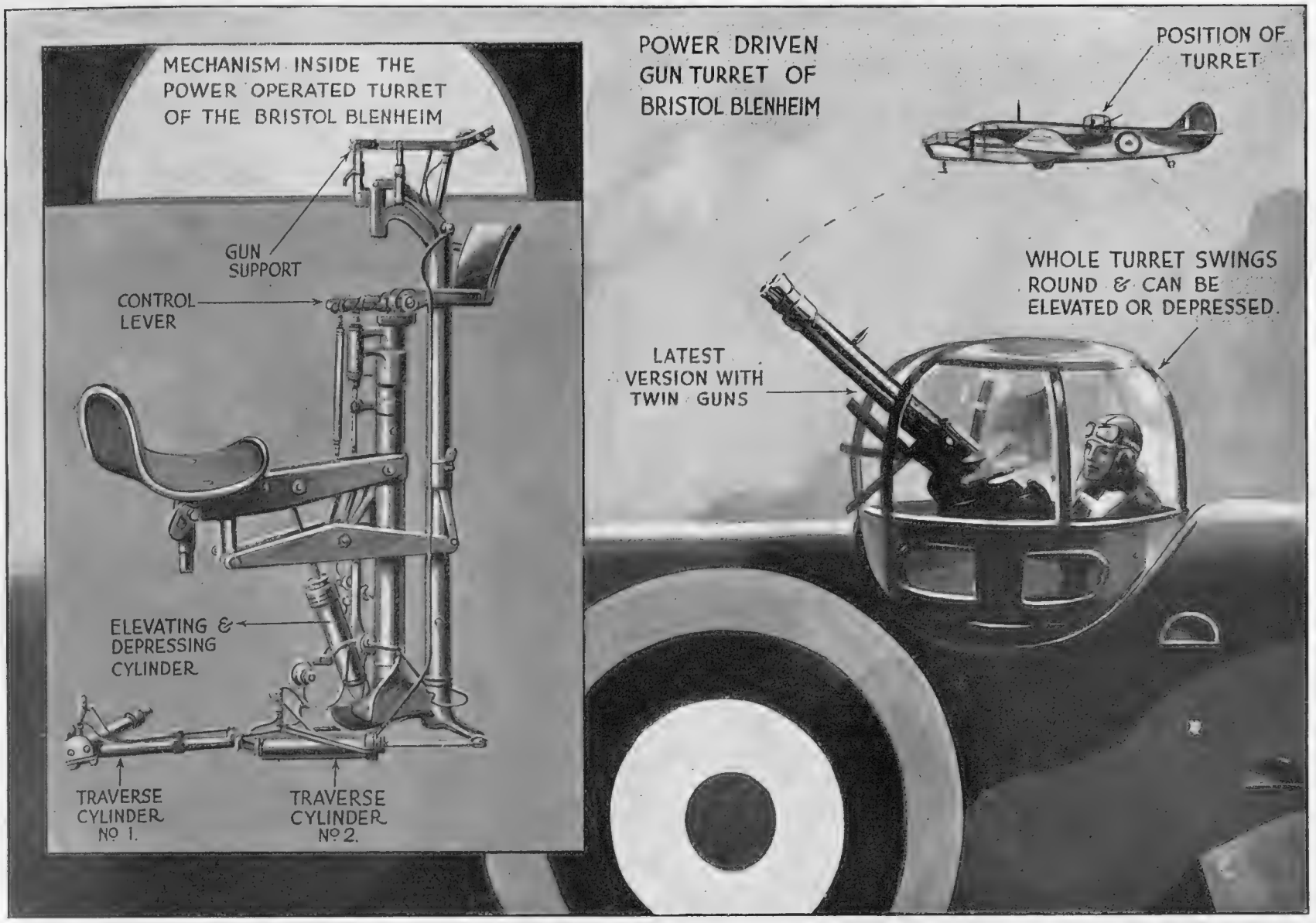






HOW THE VERY FINE NASH AND THOMPSON POWER-OPERATED TURRET WORKS IN A WELLINGTON—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The above drawings reveal nothing that the enemy does not already know: in fact, the Germans have compiled an exhaustive report on this type of turret based on an examination of British aircraft which have fallen into their hands. It is generally admitted now that the power-operated turret perfected by Captain Frazer-Nash is amongst the best in existence amongst the world's fighting aircraft. How it works, and the fields of fire commanded by the guns are shown in the diagrams above. In the tail and nose of the Wellington there are twin guns: these have a field of fire of 60 degrees and 40 degrees, above and below the aircraft respectively. To starboard and port, the angles of fire of both turrets are 95 degrees, which is considered very good indeed. In the drawing above, the principal features—internal and external—of the Wellington's turret are indicated

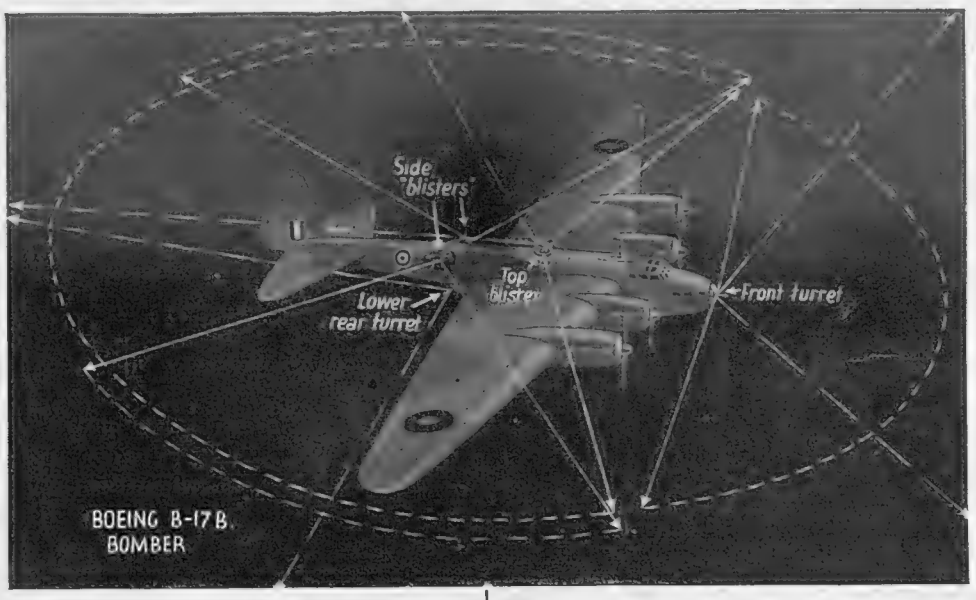


Drawing by Roland Davies

THE POWER-DRIVEN GUN TURRET OF A BRISTOL BLENHEIM

This turret, only one of many on an aircraft which literally bristles with armament, is situated amidships. It can swing round, and can also be elevated or depressed as shown on the right. In the left-hand drawing the mechanism within the turret is shown in considerable detail. The gunner sits in the saddle, with the butts of the guns on a level with his eyes: the gun support is in front of him, whilst below are the cylinders which work the elevation, depression and traverse of the turret and thus give complete control in all directions

BRITISH WORKMANSHIP WINS THROUGH AGAIN: A WONDERFUL PICTURE WHICH SHOWS WHAT A BRITISH GUN TURRET CAN WITHSTAND—*An Air Ministry official picture* (see notes on right)



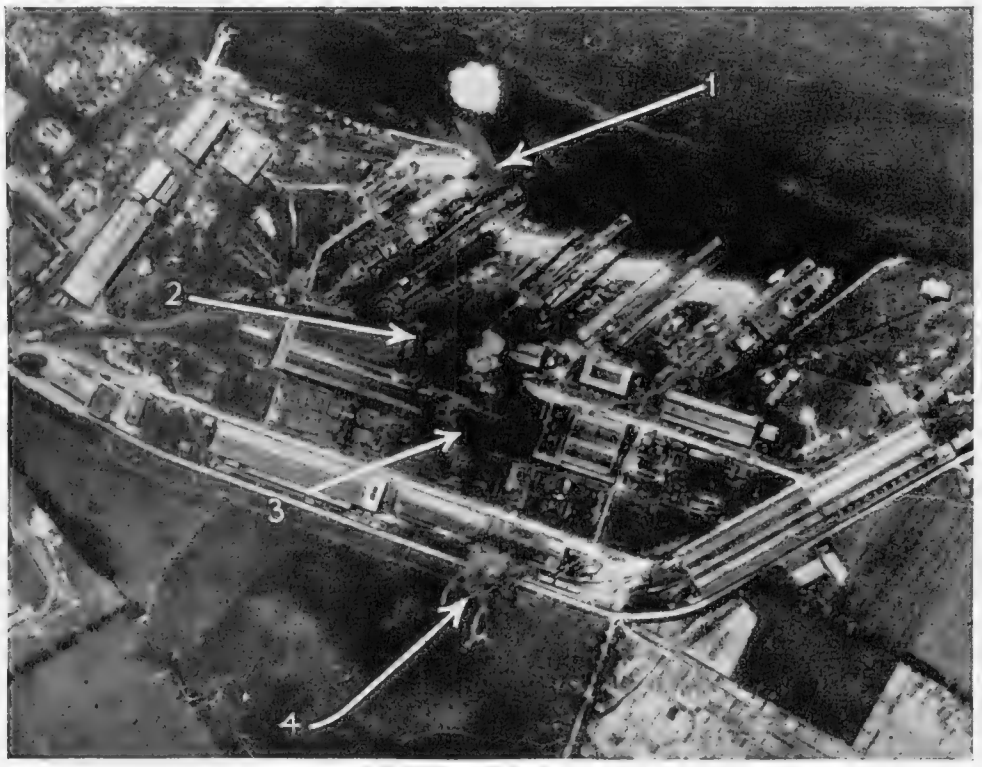
Above **— THE COMPLETE PROTECTION OF THE NEW BOEING FLYING FORTRESS:** This is the aircraft to which some "experts" took exception when first the order was given for a number of these for service with the R.A.F. Yet no aircraft possesses such all-round protection as the Boeing; and as to its capabilities—the bombing of Brest was carried out by Flying Fortresses from stratosphere heights! So far as defensive armament goes the Boeing offers all-round protection with no gaps in its defence: it has five gunners on board, and the arcs of fire provided by their guns cover practically every angle. It can fire forward, backward, upward and downward—and more than this is not needed! In the Air Ministry reports on the bombing of the German battleships in France the Boeings figured for the first time. The "Flying Fortresses" are amongst the best-finished large bombers in existence: their service ceiling is believed to be around 36,000 ft., and at a height of 30,000 ft. their top speed would be fairly high. No details have yet been released concerning the bomb load carried when on R.A.F. operational flights, but it is believed that our own Short Stirlings (the largest bombers in service) can carry a much heavier load

On left—

On previous occasions during operational flights over enemy territory, British aircraft have been called upon to withstand considerable rough handling. Here is another instance of the manner in which British workmanship often means all the difference between life and death. Recently, when flying over Germany, a British bomber-pilot heard his rear-gunner's voice say, "Hullo, Skipper . . ." and then he heard the splutter of shells and machine-gun bullets. A Messerschmitt 110 was pouring out a stream of cannon-shells and incendiary machine-gun bullets. The perspex in the rear turret was completely shot away and the gunner was wounded in the face. But at once he fired back, and he saw the bullets hitting the enemy. After one burst, the Messerschmitt dived away. The bomber crew had been attacking a German town and had driven off a fighter; but now they had to bring their damaged aircraft home. They had to work quickly, too, for the enemy's incendiaries had set fire to part of the fuselage. The rear-gunner stamped out the flames; when this was done, there was further damage to consider. The wireless aerials had been shot away, the wires controlling the rudders had been severed, there were holes in the wings, and the undercarriage had been hit. It was a difficult flight—and a difficult landing, for when the wheels first touched ground, the pilot found that one tyre had been punctured. But he made a safe landing—"I was certain we could make it," he said. "I knew I could rely on the workmanship of the people who made the bomber, as much as I could on my crew." The aircraft was quickly repaired, and is now once again in service.

"THE GREAT BOWL OF BLUE": AN IMPRESSION OF THE STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT TO ATTACK THE "SCHARNHORST" AND "GNEISENAU"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The descriptions of the wonderful "stratosphere" raids on Brest by the huge, new Boeings of the R.A.F. read like a story by H. G. Wells. The pilots took off and climbed tens of thousands of feet above the cirrus clouds until they could see for a distance of about 150 miles! "The air," one pilot said, "was as clear as a bell and we could pick out the French coast a good half-hour's flying time before we reached it. Over the Channel there seemed to be no horizon, and you couldn't distinguish sea from sky, both were perfectly blue, and we seemed to be flying in a great blue bowl of space. Then, miles below and in the far distance, I saw a sandy smudge. That was France. . . . It was so cold that white frost was a quarter of an inch thick on the astro-hatch and we had to open the front perspex windows"



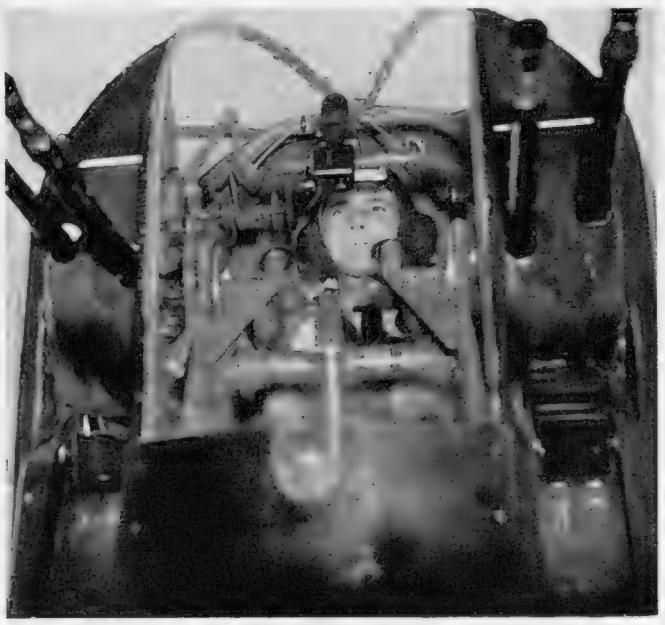
WHEN BRITISH BLENHEIM BOMBERS ATTACKED THE SHIPYARD AT LE TRAIT: On July 22 a force of Blenheims carried out an attack on the shipyards near Boulogne where submarines for Germany are being built. This picture was taken whilst the attack was actually in progress: figure (1) shows two bombs bursting on, or very close to, a large merchant ship under construction and close to a workshop; (2) shows a salvo of five bombs bursting on the bows of a submarine under construction and alongside a second; (3) more bombs bursting on workshops; and (4) a bomb bursting on the railway siding

TRIPOLI HARBOUR, JULY 9—The blaze in the Harbour, with a 12,000-ton ship on fire, after the R.A.F. had attacked shipping there

DURING THE R.A.F. ATTACK ON TRIPOLI: A direct hit, photographed at the same time as the picture above: the attack was made by R.A.F. aircraft at mast height

THE MEN WITH HALF A WING

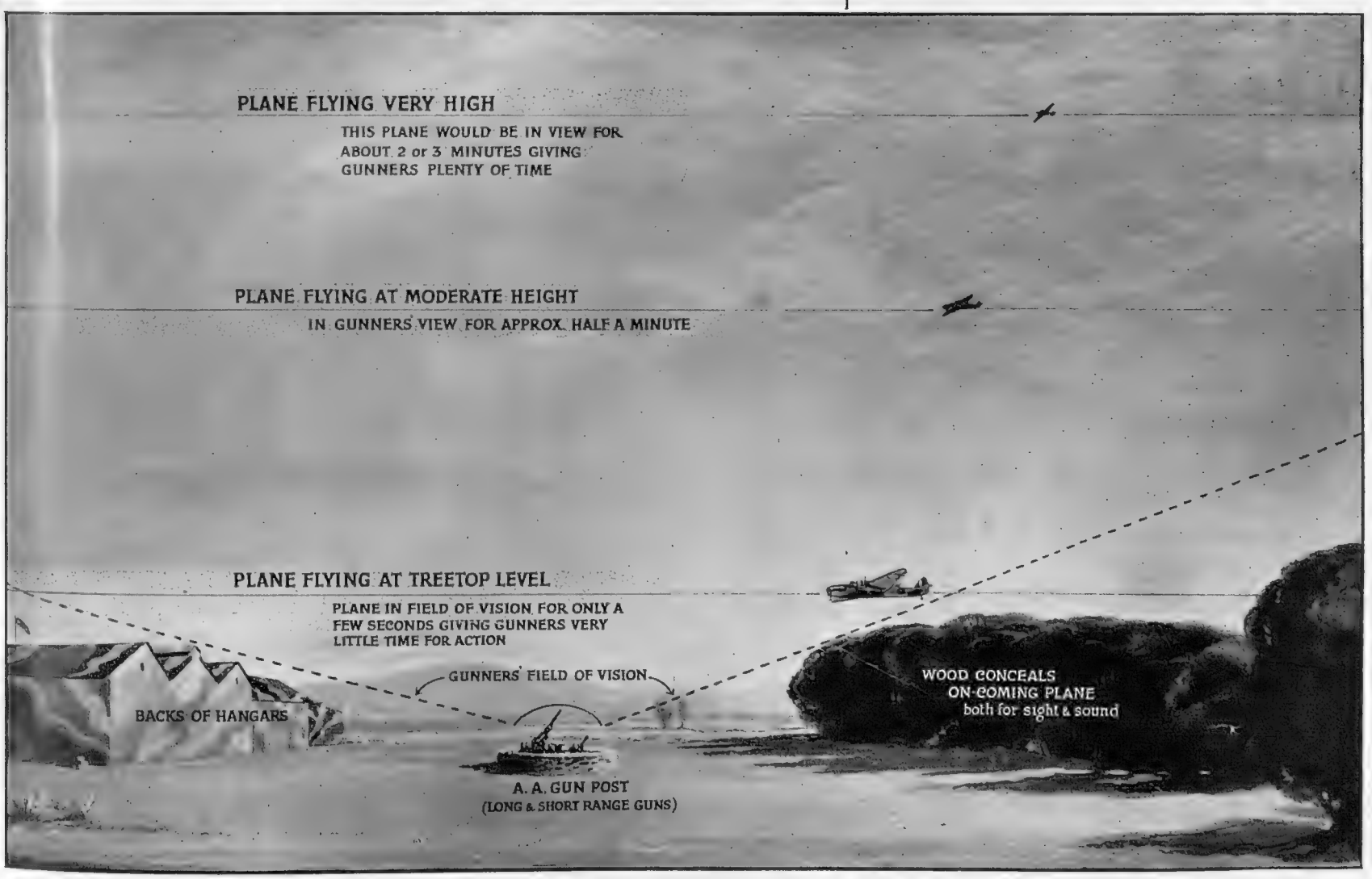
THE MAN WHO DROPS THE BOMBS ON GERMANY: In his right hand he holds the vital bomb-release switch

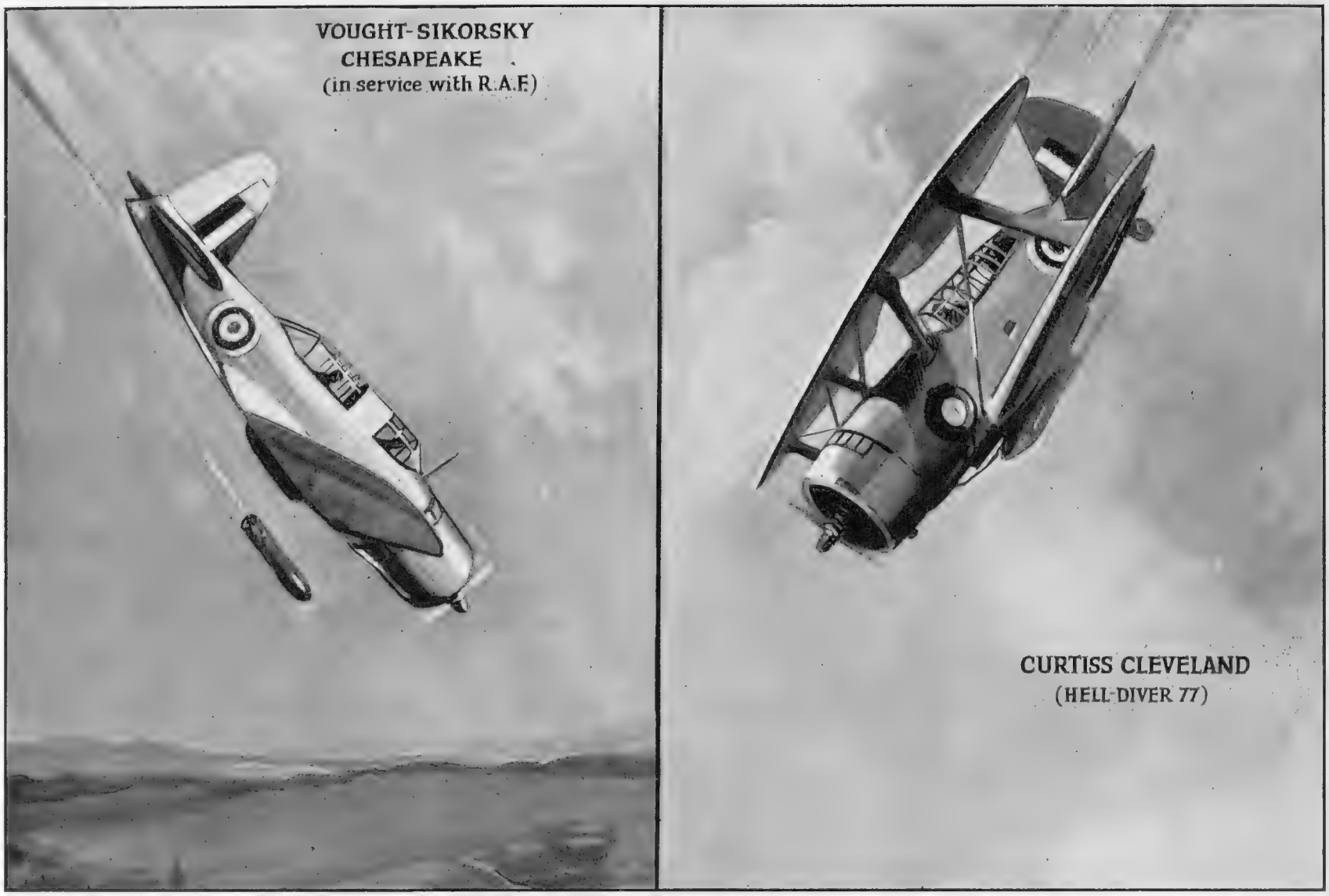


THE GUNNER IN THE TAIL TURRET SIGHTS HIS GUN

IN HIS TINY CABIN IN THE BOMBER the Observer-bomb-aimer plots out the course during the flight: The half-wing and an O is the badge of the R.A.F. Observer. It is he who, as soon as the aircraft has left the ground, gives the pilot his course, height and speed, with the aid of maps and sextant. Having navigated the bomber plumb over the target, it is the Observer who then drops the bombs. He also takes photographs before and after a raid; in an emergency, he is fully prepared to take over the air-gunner's duties and defend the aircraft from attacks by enemy fighters

Below—**MANY ATTACKS RECENTLY CARRIED OUT BY R.A.F. BOMBERS OVER ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY HAVE BEEN MADE FROM VERY LOW LEVELS:** Recent reports from the Air Ministry (in particular those in connection with the devastating attack on Rotterdam) have referred to the low-level attacks of British aircraft: there are many obvious advantages in such a method, and in the drawing below Mr. Davies contrasts this with the other and more normal methods of attack during raids. With a plane flying at tree-top level, it is in the field of vision for only a few seconds, thus giving the gunners very little time for action: it would appear and pass over the gun-post at such speed that it would be difficult for the gunners to pick it up, even if they had heard its approach and were ready for action. On the other hand, the crew of the aircraft must be ready for their attack instantly and dead on their target. Flying at a greater height, the aircraft is in the gunner's view for a longer period and thus presents him with more time to take aim. It must be understood that the situation presented here only applies when the gunners on the ground are hampered by obstructions to their clear vision, as illustrated in the picture below



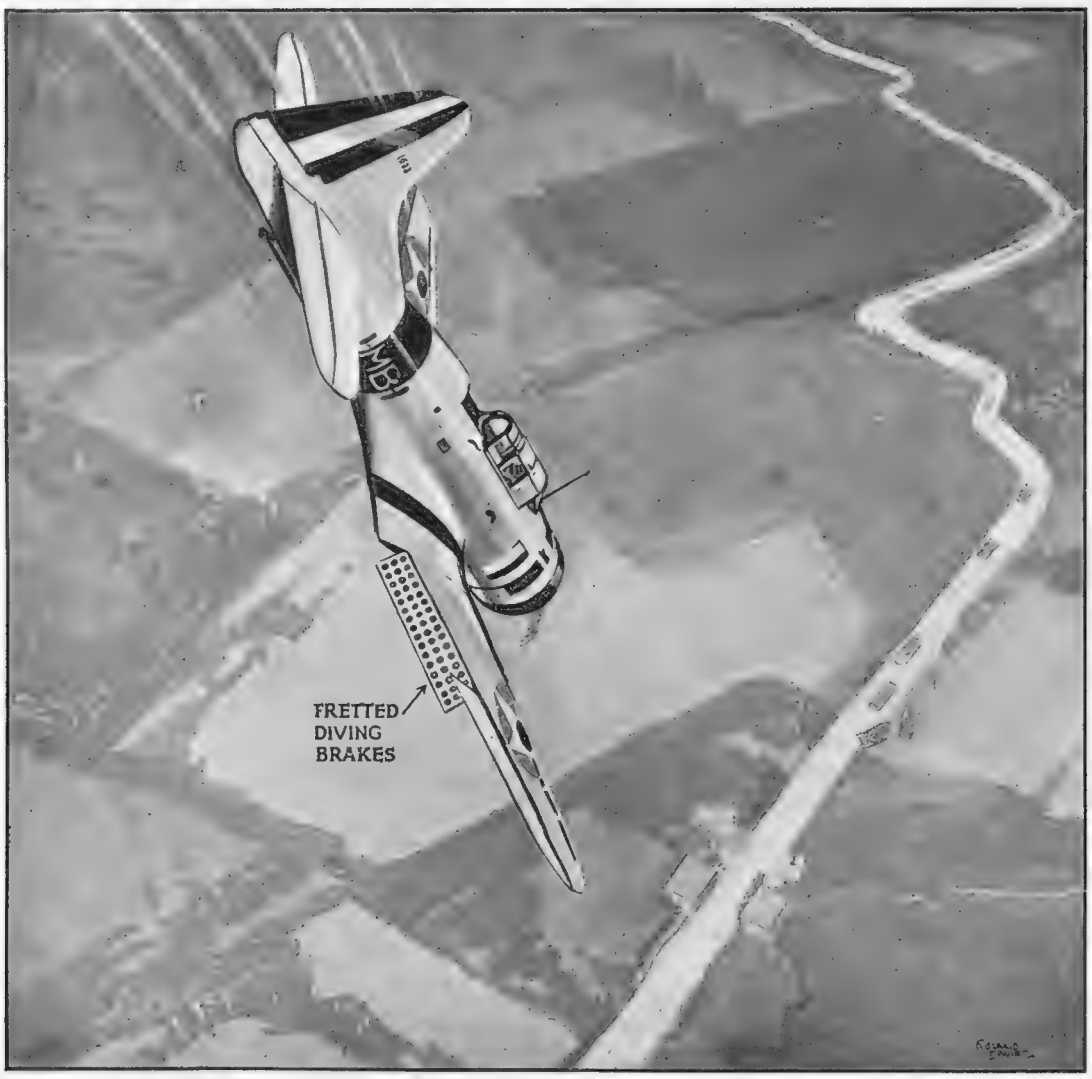


BRITAIN ADOPTS THE DIVE-BOMBER : Two of the four American types now in service with the R.A.F.—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Although the dive-bomber has come to be associated mainly with the Germans, it was the United States which first invented this type of aircraft and showed its applications to modern warfare. The R.A.F. has not been strong in dive-bombers, although the Fleet Air Arm has a number in service with the Royal Navy : but the situation is now undergoing a change—and four types of dive-bomber from the United States are now in service with the R.A.F., and a fifth has also been ordered. Of these, two are illustrated above—the Vought-Sikorsky Chesapeake (on left) and the Curtiss Cleveland (known as the "Hell Diver"). The former is a monoplane, the latter a biplane : both have a speed in the neighbourhood of 230 m.p.h., although speed in a dive-bomber is not a primary consideration. It will be noted that—unlike fighter aircraft—the dive-bomber usually carries a crew of two, so that the pilot is free to concentrate purely on flying

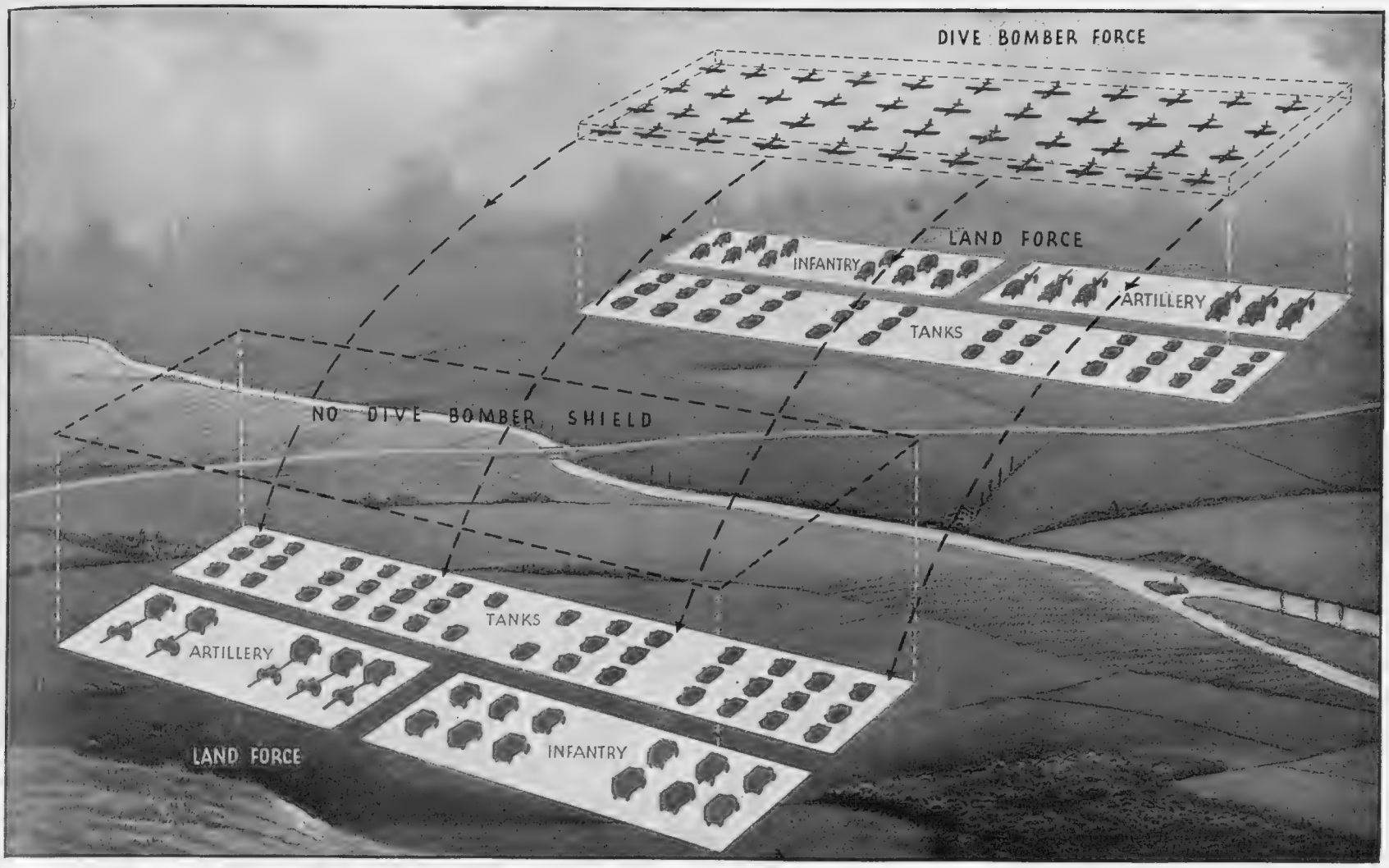
DIVE-BOMBERS FOR BRITAIN

Some of the Types We are Now Acquiring from the U.S.



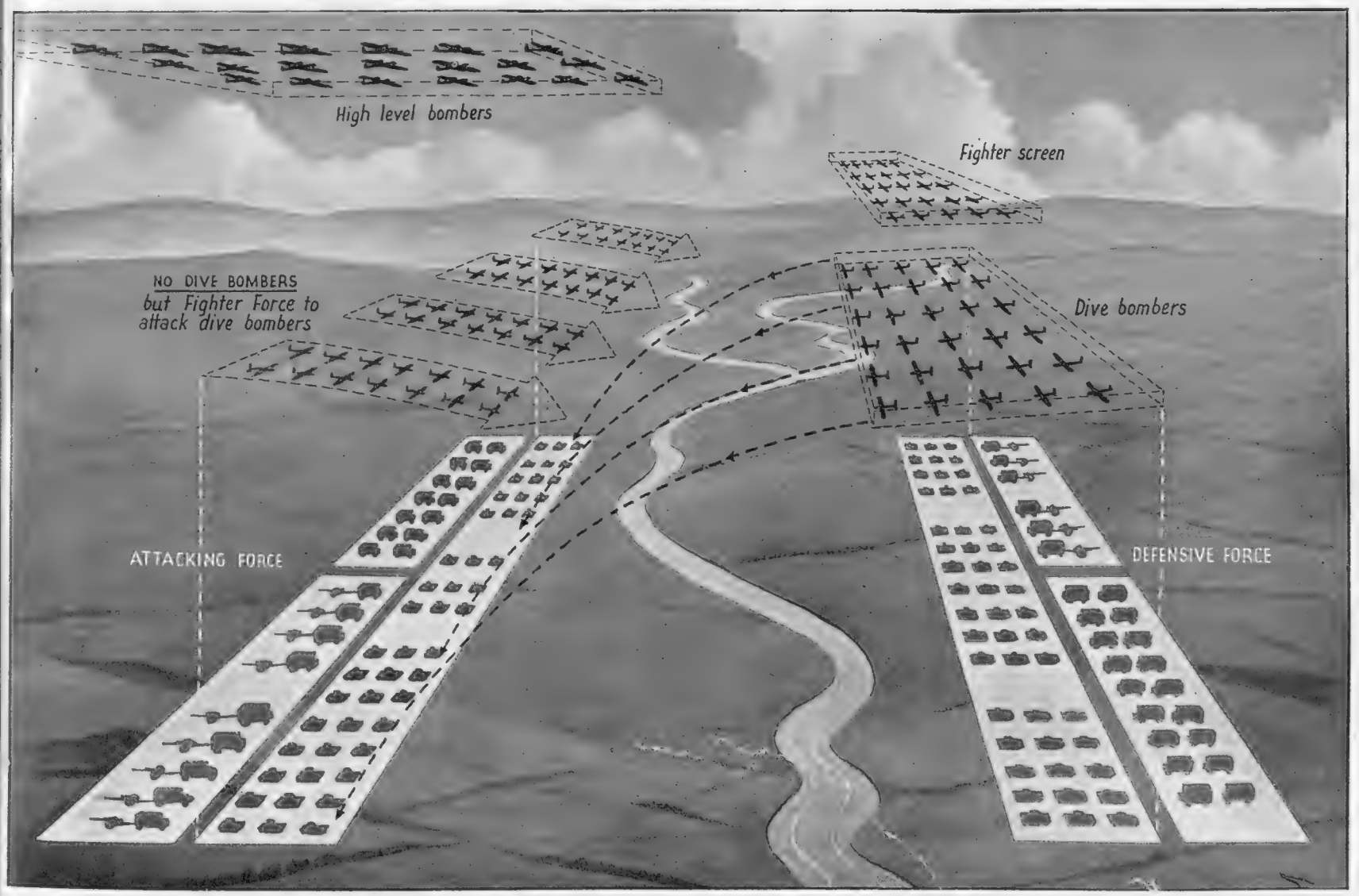
WHAT THE AMERICANS TERM A "SCOUT-BOMBER"—now in quantity production at Los Angeles : The Douglas S.B.D.1, now being produced in considerable numbers in the United States, is a dive-bomber of which very few particulars have been released for publication. As can be seen from the drawing, however, this type is fitted with fretted diving brakes ; its bomb is carried externally on an ejector arm, which thrusts it out of the path of the airscrew when released. No details have been given regarding supplies of this dive-bomber to the R.A.F.

ANOTHER TYPE OF DIVE-BOMBER FROM AMERICA—The Northrop A17-A : This again is a two-seater monoplane, with a pronounced dihedral evident in the wing construction. The Northrop has a top speed of 225 m.p.h. at 9,000 ft., and a cruising speed of 185 m.p.h. : its ceiling is 20,700 ft. (The fourth type of U.S. dive-bomber in service with R.A.F.—not illustrated here—is the Brewster Bermuda)



WHEN DIVE-BOMBERS ARE EMPLOYED TO CO-OPERATE WITH A LAND FORCE COMPOSED OF TANKS AND ARTILLERY—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The situation with regard to the value of the dive-bomber is now rapidly developing, owing to the great successes which this type has achieved for the enemy in war. The complete local success of the enemy dive-bomber at Maleme in Crete ("by day no movement of any sort was possible. Motor transport and despatch riders were immediately shot up. . . .") seemed to demonstrate that here was a type which could prove of high offensive value. Opinion in military circles, however, still seems to be undecided as to the desirability of calling in the dive-bomber as an adjunct to a military land force. Army-co-operation machines *of some type* have been promised by Parliament, but whether these would materialise as dive-bombers is as yet uncertain. Up to a few days ago, when the Minister of Aircraft Production addressed the House, it was stated that the Ministry had not been asked to supply dive-bombers for the Army. And whilst these matters are being debated, Russian dive-bombers are daily attacking German Panzer divisions—and particularly tank units; and this close support of the Russian forces in the field by the dive-bombers of the Red Air Force has met with the approval of all the military experts. A demand for dive-bombers would, of course, entail a considerable adjustment of our present effort: a possible solution of the problem would, of course, be a stream of dive-bomber types from aircraft factories in the United States



THE PRESENT ANSWER TO THE DIVE-BOMBER PROBLEM IS A BOMBER-FIGHTER FORCE AS INDICATED ABOVE—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

Against the enemy's dive-bombers, protected by fighters, the presumed invading forces in the drawing above are working without the aid of dive-bombers. But, in place of these, the invaders have a fighter screen which attacks the dive-bombers at the proper moment and which is further supported by high-level bombers

ABOVE CHUNGKING, THE CHINESE CAPITAL : A Japanese air attack in progress : For years now the Chinese have been withstanding the Japanese onslaught. With only a "token" air force, the army of Chiang Kai-Shek has withstood innumerable bombings from the vastly superior Japanese aircraft, and Chungking has been bombed so often that it now hardly exists in places. This picture was taken during a flight of the "White Eagle Force" of the Japanese Navy—"just before the start of the sending of death messages," as the Japanese caption gaily describes it!

PART OF CHUNGKING ON FIRE : Again the Japanese naval bombers are seen in action : they have only to safeguard themselves against anti-aircraft fire, as the Chinese Air Force has long since disappeared from the air. Below the aircraft in this picture is seen the winding Yangtze Kiang River on which Chungking is situated

CHINA IS STILL IN THE FRONT LINE

The Move Southward by Japan Not Only Involves British and American Interests in the Far East : It May Also Carry Grave Implications for China, Against Whom Japan Has Been Waging Unavailing Warfare for Years

By F. E. DEAN

WHAT does Japan's southward move portend for China? Well-informed Chinese believe that China continues to be the main objective, whatever else may lie within the orbit of Japan's ambition. Hegemony of the East, without China, would be an empty boast.

The new threat to China implied in Japan's occupation of Indo-China is that a wedge may be thrust between Burma and Yunnan, a frontier that is now China's only contact with the democracies. Even if Japan does not at once attempt military occupation of this borderland, she can force China into isolation by persistent bombing of the Burma Road, over which, now the sole route, China has been receiving military supplies from the democracies.

The Burma Road, though spoken of in the singular, is really a network of roads all suitable for man-and-beast transport, though only the main new thoroughfare can be used for heavy motor traffic. Because of this network, Japan's intermittent bombing of the Burma Road from Hainan and other distant bases has never been effective enough to stop the flow of goods to and from China; whenever some part of the motor-road was temporarily under repair after being bombed, streams of men and mules carried oil and petrol, machine parts and tools over the mountain passes. Recently, China's vast reserve of man-and-beast power has been organised into an immense system of relay transport, such as no other country in the world could provide. In the last four months of 1940 more than 18,000 tons of goods were carried in this way, and this year the system is to be enlarged by an additional 5,000 man-drawn carts, 2,000 ox-carts, and thousands of carrier coolies and pack animals. Thus have China's primitive methods been pitted against Japan's war-machine. But with the enemy's new air-bases on his very doorstep, even the redoubtable Chinese coolie cannot hope to survive long against continuous, concentrated bombing.

The swift economic action that the British Empire and the United States have taken to counter Japan's latest aggression will, however, give the Chinese new hope of holding out. During the years of the Sino-Japanese War, Chinese statesmen and Press have been pleading with the democracies to stop provisioning Japan with fuel and steel, scrap iron and the other materials from which weapons were forged against China. The freezing of Japanese assets throughout the Empire and the United States must eventually, though not at once, render the aggressor harmless.

Possibly foreseeing that such a step might be taken, Japan had already begun to conserve her resources. Whereas in 1940 as many as 150 and 200 bombers frequently attacked Chinese cities, this year the largest number at any one time and place has been nineteen. Chungking, which Chiang Kai-Shek has made his capital, has borne many of these aerial attacks—so many, in fact, that the city has become quite used to the sound of the sirens. Were it not that the Chinese have so well adapted themselves, and made so many bomb-proof shelters in the surrounding countryside, the casualty lists would have been enormous. What air force China possessed at the outset of the present war has long since disappeared under the weight of Japanese numbers.

Before embarking on their Indo-China adventure, the Japanese military made another violent effort to subdue China. Three hundred thousand troops were thrown into a spring offensive on five fronts. In Central China a two-pronged thrust was made up the Han and Yan Rivers. On the Yangtze, the enemy's attempt to push past Ichang, at the foot of the Gorges, resulted, according to Chinese reports, in a loss of 10,000 of the 50,000 Japanese troops engaged, and a disruption of communications that led to complete failure of the campaign. In the Han Valley, the apparent object was to wipe out several thousand Chinese troops, and then make contact with a larger Japanese force operating in Southern Shansi. This offensive, the fifth in eighteen months in this area, started from bases on the Peiping-Hankow Railway, north of Hankow, and covered the same ground that was being fought over a year ago. Forty thousand Japanese troops and an air contingent made attacks on the cities of Chunghsiang, Tanyang, Suihsien and Kingmen, and on unprotected villages that have changed hands many times during the past four years. Now the fighting is said to have died down of its own accord with no decisive change in the situation.

The campaign in South Shansi was more violent, with 150,000 Japanese engaged, and in this area the fighting is still in progress. The enemy's first objective is the Chinese stronghold on Chungtiao Mountain (Chungtiaoshan), north of the Yellow River, between Shansi and Honan. Their ultimate object is the city of Tungkwan, across the river, a strategic point that they have been trying to capture from many angles ever since the war began. This city is the key to China's north-west, and is the northern gateway to Szechuan.

Minor campaigns have been fought along the southern coast, in Fukien, where the city of Foochow was taken, and in Kwangtung, near Hong Kong, where the Japanese are said to be building new air-bases.

THE FIGHTING ON LAND IN CHINA HAS BROUGHT HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CASUALTIES TO BOTH CHINA AND JAPAN : Unchallenged though they may be in the air, on land the Japanese have sustained thousands upon thousands of casualties. And so, too, have the Chinese—but in both countries, with their teeming millions of down-trodden peasantry, human life is cheap! This picture comes from the fighting front in North China; and shows Japanese nurses giving first-aid treatment to Chinese prisoners

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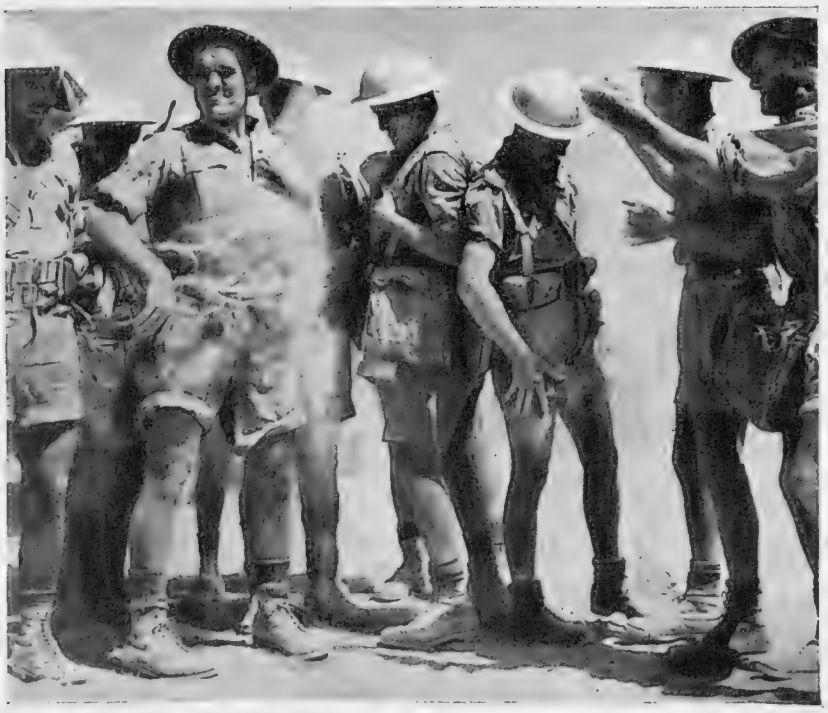
WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE WESTERN DESERT



FROM THE DESERT TO THE SEA: Shaking the desert sand from their clothing before stripping for a plunge into the sea

BEFORE THE BATHE: South African soldiers, back from the desert, work up an appetite on the beach before taking the plunge

After seeing little but a vast waste of sand for months, the average desert campaigner's idea of Paradise is a plunge into the cooling waters of the Mediterranean. These pictures of a South African Medical Corps show the men just after their return from a spell in the desert: after shaking the all-pervading sand from their clothes, they take a glorious dip in the cool blue waters of the Inland Sea

INDIAN SAPPERS MAKING ROADS IN THE DESERT: Many roads are being constructed by the British forces in the Egyptian deserts, as speed for the transport columns is essential. Fresh tracts of waste land are everywhere being transformed into first-class motor roads. Indian sappers are experts at road-making and roadmending; and a party of them are here seen at work with their stone-breaking machine

LIFE IN A SMALL DESERT CAMP IN EGYPT: Far away from the workshops, these transport drivers in the desert have to do their own repairs under anything but ideal conditions. Broken springs are the chief trouble they have to deal with. Lines of empty cans mark the roadways to the desert camps: even the most experienced would be lost without these guides through the eternal sands

AT AN INDIAN REINFORCEMENT CAMP: An officer gives a lesson in map-reading for newly-arrived non-commissioned officers

MOST OF THE INDIANS ARE EXPERT WRESTLERS: Consequently many competitions are held in the camp during leisure moments

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Jane Austen as She Should be Played; London's Wounds; Tabulated Facts, and Other Items of Home Interest

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."—In a sylvan glade I enjoyed, as a wartime relief, watching my own and other small children playing scenes from *Pride and Prejudice*. Mr. Collins was represented (in a strange variety of garments borrowed from men and women in the neighbourhood), and Elizabeth, Lady Catherine, Mrs. Bennett, Jane and Lydia.

It amused me to note how completely these small girls entered into the satire of the masterpiece, Mr. Collins's mingled vanity and toadyism, Lady Catherine's ruthless class-consciousness and ill-manners, Mrs. Bennett's vulgarity. They played their parts with utter seriousness, as they should, and without a trace of caricature, which has been the fault of all grown-up, professional stage- and screen-actors of this play. I wish Hollywood could have seen how it should be done, and learned from the mouths of babes the reason for their total failure to interpret Regency England. For that is the point they *always* miss—that grease-paint and caricature are utterly unnecessary to bring out the intended effects.

Pride and Prejudice is a costume piece, no doubt, but not a museum piece. It is an eternal verity, like all masterpieces. Jane Austen was a pioneer in this, that she was courageously attacking something which was a glaring social vice of Regency England, but a vice which lacked hitherto its weight of criticism. And how long (oh, Lord, how long!) the vices of this Age of Privilege took to die! Scores of critics were still lashing that snobbery and class prejudice a hundred years afterwards, and still it was prospering and rampant at the end of the Edwardian Age and right into the war years of King George V. And, by gosh! I am not convinced it is quite dead yet. To play *Pride and Prejudice* in broad caricature (and not in simplicity and all seriousness) is to make a plum cake with plenty of dough and no plums.

Nay, more. To play *Pride and Prejudice*, as Hollywood and all other pilferers of British gems play it, by caricaturing its fine shades of satire, is to "improve" a Cosway with poster paints, and in so doing to prove to the hilt an abysmal ignorance and lack of culture. I have yet to meet with a theatrical producer of any nation who possesses the slightest claim to interpret the British character, or British institutions, or English history, or English literary genius of the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries.

London's Wounds.—If I were granted the privilege of taking Göring for a trip to London to see the effects of his *blitzkriegs*, I should choose the Portsmouth Road approach. I should bring him in from Esher, through Kingston and Putney, and along the Old Brompton Road to Knightsbridge and Hyde Park Corner up to Piccadilly Circus.

During that itinerary he would observe, perhaps, three neatly cleared spaces where once a house stood between houses; such spaces we were accustomed to see every day in pre-war days. He would observe some boarded windows, often seen in peacetime, but not very many. For the rest, he would, if he had known London before, find practically nothing along this route which could tell him that any misfortune connected with war had fallen upon this vital approach to the heart of the West End of London. London is, indeed, far cleaner and neater than it was four months ago, and, save for a welcome diminution of traffic, very much what one expected to find it on a day at the end of the season in peacetime.

What lessons are here to learn and mark on the effects of propaganda and rumour, and on the effects of huge bombs rained down on close-built acres of brick and stone! If you should approach Piccadilly Circus by the route I have indicated, you could hardly fail to ask: "What problem of reconstruction is called for?"

"A Thousand Years in Thy Sight . . ."—In the current *Quarterly* I was reading an article by Dr. Rattray based on various new works on evolution and the problems of existence. Most of it was above my head, but I was arrested by certain facts which we constantly forget, and which give us a jolt when brought back to our notice.

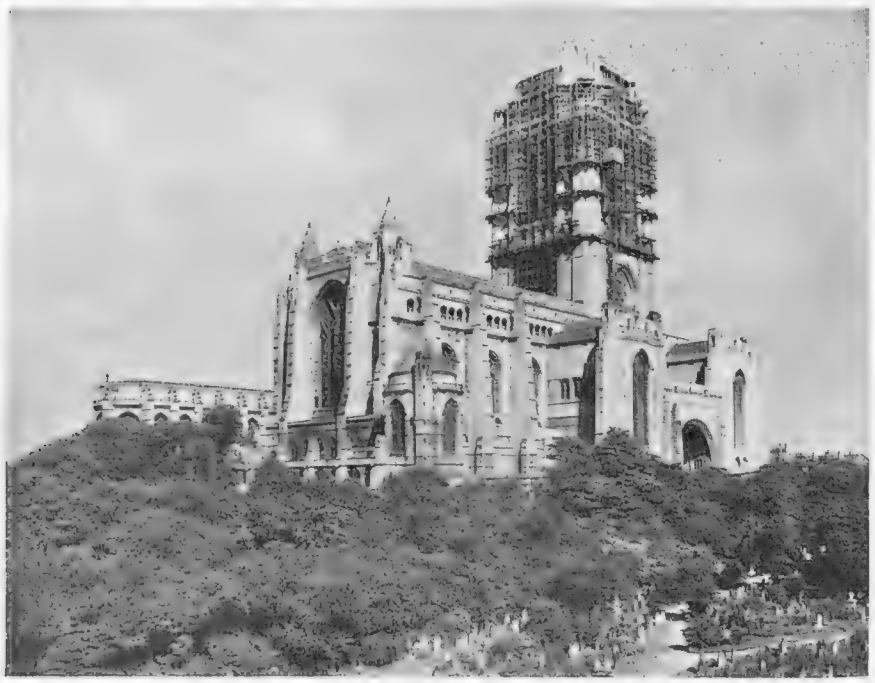
Here are some of his tabulated *facts* (or bombshells):

1. All the 2,000 millions who inhabit the earth could find standing-room on the Isle of Wight. If they were packed cubically, their box would measure only ½ mile each way.

2. In a cinema film showing the Earth's history in true proportion to *time*, and "running" for two hours, the career of the human race would be limited to *a fraction of the last second*. Within the history of the earth, life has existed for 300 million years, and man for 300 thousand.

3. Between the generation of Julius Cæsar and ourselves there are only sixty intervening generations; between Shakespeare's and ours there are but *ten*!

Now these are doubtless authentic facts. All of them were vaguely known to me. All of them freshly excite my interest and wonder. But the last (Shakespeare's *nearness* to us) easily the most. "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday." In this war facts like these restore our sense of proportion as nothing else can do.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL TO-DAY: A new section, which has been completed after sixteen years' work, of this beautiful cathedral was handed over by the Building Committee to the Dean and Chapter on Sunday, July 27 last. Thus approximately three-quarters of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's great work, which was started thirty-seven years ago, is now fulfilled. Only the nave and the aisles remain to be built

Glen Affric.—The battle of Glen Affric and the long history of the Grampian Power Scheme are, like grouse, exclusive to Britain. As the grouse is a purely British bird, so the defence of Glen Affric against industrial invasion could not have been so long conducted in any other country, in peace or war. It is not simply a question of sentiment, nor is it a question of wise and sane progress faced by blind, obstinate Toryism. (That, no doubt, was the story of the Iron Horse, in its way as romantic as the tale of the wooden horse.) In Switzerland or Scandinavia every village has had for decades what the promoters of the latest scheme are compelled to offer to the crofters of Inverness-shire affected—cheap power and lighting. It claims to offer the younger men, besides, work at remunerative rates and business to the shopkeepers and innkeepers. The promoters, moreover, must submit all schemes to the authority charged with safeguarding our newborn interest in natural beauties. What, then, is the objection? Is it just that the local lairds fear for their grouse and deer? Is is simply a last-ditch obstruction by dyed-in-the-wool Tories? Not a bit of it. The lairds and landowners were divided from the start; Lochiel was on one side; Simon, Lord Lovat, on the other. Lairds are still found in both camps. Those that oppose are not afraid for their fish or their grouse. Many of them (like me) must have shot grouse on the moors overlooking Greenock, where the noise of the riveters in the shipyards just below drowns the crack of the guns. And I have stalked on a half-dozen forests criss-crossed with high-tension cables and found no damage done to the deer thereby. And high-tension cables and standards soon become to be regarded as grand and even beautiful things. But the flooding of glens and the dispossession of crofters from the only favourable pasture is a clan matter.

Money, I think, is not a major issue, nor the rights of property, nor the amenity of a lovely stretch of Highland scenery—though I think that sentient lovers of Scotland never forgave the blind and crass inertia which suffered the desecration of Loch Katrine with tea-shops and iron grills. I admit that there is sharp difference of opinion as to the likelihood of local benefits from the scheme. But I think the objection is not confined to Highlanders, or even to Scotsmen. I think the name Glen Affric has come to be a battle-cry in a reaction against suburbanisation and industrialisation and noise and crowds and sophistication. We have lost so much of our heritage by the sheer inertia and vulgarity of local authorities that we have decided to dig our toes in about this long-disputed question of Glen Affric, which many who man the last ditch may never have seen. It is a case of "Rome? You can 'ave Rome. Give me Newmarket." A man must stand and fight *somewhere*, and Glen Affric shall be our Everest, the last pocket of resistance against industrialised man.

A Memory of Mr. Upjohn.—"In my youth I took to the Law," and read in the chambers of a Chancery barrister. Sometimes he would take me with him to consultations with other K.C.s, and sometimes into the Courts of Chancery. On these occasions I sometimes saw Mr. Upjohn, K.C. (who died in old age the other day), at close quarters at his work. He was a great Equity lawyer and advocate of the old school. The point which always impressed itself on me, next after his profound knowledge of law and his competence, were the "terrifying" qualities of the man. He displayed (and sometimes, I think, the display was cool, deliberate technique) the most violent temper I ever witnessed, and at shortest notice, and on the least provocation.

He bullied and cowed judges and learned brothers, witnesses and solicitors, but always solicitors (he was one himself at one time) first. The effect of his rage was stupendous and awe-inspiring. I remember a consultation in his chambers, when the solicitor put in "a helping word." Upjohn turned on him and rent him, as no man in my experience was ever mauled before, and with so little reason. The incident haunted me and still haunts me after thirty years. I never met a being more terrible in his rage, outside the jungle. I believe he was the most mellow of friends and companions in private life, and I dare say that children could freely tweak his nose. It is often so with terrifying professional men. In the way of business, I should have hesitated long before trying to tweak his nose.

J. G.

HIGH MASS IN THE OPEN: In the 800-year-old Benedictine Abbey of Reading, now in ruins, the centenary of St. James's Church, Reading, has just been celebrated. Thousands gathered in the sunshine to take part in the service. The Abbot of Douai Abbey, Berkshire, is seen seated on his throne during the singing of Pontifical High Mass

WORK ON THE LAND: AND REST HOLIDAYS AT OXFORD

THE LAND ARMY START A NEW RECRUITING DRIVE: At a large Farm Institute, girls of the Land Army are now being given a month's intensive training in all phases of farm work, from driving tractors to milking cows. On completing their training, they become competent agricultural workers, and the local farmers "snap them up," as they answer his biggest problem—shortage of labour. More and more girls are wanted as more and more acres are being ploughed up

THE RIVER PATROL OF THE HOME GUARD: During the next few days the Home Guard are being concentrated on the most extensive exercises yet undertaken, to enable them to be in the greatest possible state of readiness if and when the moment arrives. Something new is now being seen in the Eastern Command area in the new River Patrol, which comprises fishermen and yachtsmen. In the picture above, the Patrol, having received their orders, leave in small craft and make their way to the patrol vessels

ACRES OF DERELICT LAND TO BE PLOUGHED UP FOR THE WINTER FOOD CAMPAIGN IN THE WOOLLY HILLS

Members of the Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Berkshire and Bedfordshire War Agricultural Committees have been invited by the Huntingdonshire War Agricultural Committee to view the work on reclaimed land in their area. This is the first time that the counties have met for discussion. The Duke of Norfolk, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and President of the Young Farmers' Club, also viewed the work of the Committee. At the outbreak of the war there was in Huntingdonshire nearly 6,000 acres of derelict land: nearly 3,000 acres of this was bush, which in cases was 15 ft. and 20 ft. in height; the bulk of the remainder was lightly bushed land in a waterlogged condition, owing to the fact that ditches and drains were landed up and fences had grown beyond control. Now these areas have been cleaned up. The expenditure incurred in reclaiming bushland has been heavy and may, in some cases, amount to £15 per acre. The land now in hand consists of 54 holdings or parts of holdings amounting to 3,915 acres, of which 1,982 will produce a crop this harvest. In the picture reproduced here on the left the Committee's members are seen during their inspection of this great effort: they are driving over land taken over for growing food and showing a splendid growth of wheat: on the right some of the reclaimed land is lying in bare fallow for autumn wheat

OXFORD OPENS ITS COLLEGES FOR HUNDREDS OF "BLITZED" PEOPLE FROM BRISTOL

During July, August and September many people from Bristol, who have suffered in health from air raids, will have a fortnight's holiday in the colleges of Oxford: nine of these have become holiday homes for those in need of rest. The rooms of the undergraduates will be used as bedrooms, and the visitors will dine in the large college halls. There will be picnics, afternoons on the river, concerts and lectures. The scheme is being financed by the Lord Mayor of Bristol's War Services Fund. In the picture on the left a group of visitors are seen at lunch in the Great Hall of Corpus Christi, built in 1516; other collegers, who have remained in residence during the vacation, also lunch here at the same time: in the picture on the right, Sir Richard Livingstone, College President, is seen showing the bombed citizens of Bristol over the grounds

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ST. PETERSBURG

Sacheverell Sitwell's "Diversion"; The Swashbuckling Trelawny; Another "Last to Leave Paris" Book; Tennis, Cocktails, Love and War

THE Wellsian mantle of prophecy having descended upon the astrologers of the Sunday newspapers with a sickening thud, it would be unwise to assume that anyone out of touch with these dubious sources would have ventured to predict the almost intense interest in all things Russian in this country to-day. As far as I know, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is no seer; has never publicly scanned the future, and has hitherto only dabbled in that department of the occult inhabited by poltergeists.

VALSE DES FLEURS (Faber and Faber. 5s.) can, therefore, only be considered, by coincidence, to be an exquisite piece of timing. The book is presented as nothing more than a diversion; a piece of light reading for an hour or so. Light as a soufflé it is, indeed, but its ingredients have a basis of æsthetic values, of taste and of considerable learning.

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE TOWER BECOMES BRISTOL'S LATEST CHURCH: Inn's Court Farm, at Bishopsworth, has been converted into Nover's Hill Mission Church and Parsonage. The new church is surrounded by an estate which is planned to have 10,000 new Council houses. This parish of St. Barnabas already contains a population of 20,000: the new Mission church is the natural outcome of this huge expansion, and £300 has been spent on the conversion. The picturesque fourteenth-century tower is believed to be one of seven forming part of a mediæval castle. The farm, mentioned in documents of 1353, was the residence of Sir John Inyn, a one-time Recorder of Bristol and Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died in 1439. Before its dedication, the tower was used as a hen-roost, as shown in the above picture

Mr. Sitwell would have it that it all takes place on a day in St. Petersburg, and at a ball at the Winter Palace in 1868. But, as we follow him through that enchanting day, we are constantly pausing to consider this and that, like Latins on an evening stroll, and the subject of our conversation ranges over Russian history from Catherine the Great to Nicholas II. Indeed, as Mr. Sitwell points out, many of the things we remark in his company are within the living memory of quite a lot of us.

As we progress, we find ourselves agreeing with Mr. Sitwell that not only in architecture, as exemplified in the work of Charles Cameron, Quarenghi and Rastrelli, but with every Western art that has been transplanted to the Russian soil, "the Russians seized upon what had been discovered for them and carried it still further." Later we are to observe that Glinka not only composed the first Russian opera and the first Russian songs, but discovered the national style of music in *Kamarinskaya*, and we may pause for reflection at the statement that during the first half of the nineteenth century in Russia, "the most important figures are the Tsar himself (Nicholas I), Pushkin and Glinka. During the second half of the century there will be Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Mussorgsky."

Then for a lingering interlude we forsake St. Petersburg and go to Moscow for the Coronation of Alexander II. This was probably the most extraordinary display of pageantry of all time; it articulated the wealth, the might and power of the Russia which so obsessed European politicians in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is indeed a timely diversion, and one which deliberately leaves us on the crescendo of Tchaikowsky's "Valse des Fleurs." In the distance some of us may discern the rolling cadences of another and equally hackneyed piece by the same composer, and may hear therein the warning knell of another would-be European dictator.

The picturesque and bellicose figure of Edward John Trelawny cannot fail to furnish material for an interesting biography. Miss Margaret Armstrong adds nothing new to the popular conception of this romantic literary thruster, and in TRELAWNY (Robert Hale. 15s.) she draws his portrait and fills in the background with vigour and with sustained interest.

Trelawny was a man of action, full of vitality, with a lust for adventure. At a very early age he led a sortie on a pirate town in Madagascar and rescued and married the daughter of an Arab sheikh. In more tepid days he would have been called an eccentric, but it was in character with his time and age that, in seeking an outlet for his fighting instincts, he should have gone bald-headed and flat out for what he called liberty.

"Liberty's lifelong lover" could not for long resist the spell of Shelley. The handsome buccaneer became the friend of Shelley and of Byron. The story of the cremation of Shelley's body on the seashore at Viareggio has been told many times, but never with so much vigour and gusto as by Miss Armstrong. It is good, strong reading, and a mighty fine book.

It seems that we have not yet reached the last of the books to be written by the last English person to leave Paris, after the German occupation. The latest of them, ESCAPE FROM FRANCE (Robert Hale. 2s. 6d.), is by "Claire," a young English girl of eighteen, who has excellent reasons for wishing to remain anonymous.

She was married at sixteen, and in the chaos and the panic of her flight lost touch with her young husband, whom she has not seen since. Through other works we are already familiar with the details of that dreadful stampede of refugees south from Paris to the coast, to the Mediterranean and to the Spanish border. Through her personal experiences she underlines many of its horrors, but in her two months' journey she personally suffered the most terrible privations, going without food or water for days on end, sleeping in fields and ditches, only to collapse completely when at last she reached these shores.

This little book has a quality above any other of its kind I have read on the same subject. "Claire" writes simply, and without affectation, in the style of one who is unaccustomed either to the pen or to the typewriter. In consequence the book has a kind of naïve sincerity, and an almost objective interest in the passing scene which carries the stamp of truth throughout the narrative. It ends with a tragic but courageous letter from her lost husband. May they soon be reunited.

The novels of Mrs. Kate Mary Bruce have seldom strayed from the paths of light sophistication, and the kind of society she has portrayed does not unduly concern itself with the larger issues of life. To-day, however, the war will keep breaking in, and its influence can even be felt in the fashionable little seaside village of Whitebeach, and upon its cocktail parties, tennis parties, and golf club.

FIGURES IN BLACKOUT (Chapman and Hall. 8s.) does not depart from the world of retired soldiers, active stockbrokers and dilettante hangers-on of both sexes with which Mrs. Bruce has made us so familiar. There, too, is the omniscient wife and mother, wise, witty, perplexed, bewildered and self-composed by turns.

This one has a couple of sons old enough to be involved in the evacuation of Dunkirk. This enables Gabriel, the matriarchal heroine, to note the "purple smudges under the eyes" of the son who came back, and the "strained lines I saw at the side of his mouth. . . . He has grown older than his mother."

There was a daughter, Elsa, about whose birth there is the hint of an extra-marital romance which dated back to the last war. The other partner in that affair returns from Canada to fight again, and to have a shot at resuscitating the romance by getting himself stationed near Whitebeach. Then there is the tragic figure of Gordon, the husband who was smashed up in the last war, and of Cleo, who is shining, slinky and whose morals are all askew; though that does not prevent her from advertising her devotion to Gordon.

Cleo it was who died. She died in a Whitebeach air raid, which dramatic happening tidies it all up neatly for Gabriel, who, incidentally, is almost one of the most detestable heroines on record.

Mrs. Bruce has a talent for bringing into focus the little things of life and of breathing into them enough vitality and reality to make them worthy of passing attention. If the larger issues did not obtrude and were not inescapable in this story, it might be quite amusing.

LIGHT MUSIC, Then and Now

By PHILIP PAGE

ALL the principal ladies—and there were four of them—in *Lady, Behave* (His Majesty's Theatre), a musical-comedy, behaved immaculately, except for occasional bursts of ill-temper, rendered necessary by the plot, or possibly the lack of it. In the case of the chief of the bunch, Miss Sally Gray, so pretty does she look when she is angry that it must be well worth while having a row with her. So the title cannot be considered to have anything to do with the story. That is not an original feature of shows of this type. Indeed, almost the sole original point here is that it actually *is* a post-1939 musical-comedy and the only one. "Nostalgic" is an overworked word these days. I do not apologise for adding to its burden and declaring that a light musical entertainment with a thread of romance in it, however flimsy, evokes pleasant memories of days that are past. We have had since the outbreak of war revues in plenty, both lavish and economical. But we have had (save in occasional revivals) no hero and heroine exchanging love-songs, quarrelling half-way through about nothing at all, and then making it up again. The point is not, I think, so unimportant as it may seem. The playgoing public is more fond of the love-stuff on the stage than is generally realised, and revues tend to grow more and more hard-boiled. The big musical successes of the last war, notably *The Maid of the Mountains*, owed much of their popularity to their romantic touch which was not absent even from *The Bing Boys*. This is the first attempt to rival them in this war, though I do not imagine that it was launched with that intention. But where *Lady, Behave* falls short—and it is about its only fault, for on the whole it is a bright, blooming, bouncing and thoroughly attractive show—is that it has no quality in its music to compare with the pleasant tunes of the aforesaid 1914-18 productions, tunes which are still hummed by many of us who heard them then and also by those who were babies or even yet to be born during that period.

BEATRIX LEHMANN AND KAREL STEPANEK, in the two-character thriller, *Close Quarters*, which opened at the Apollo Theatre on July 31. The play is a domestic drama in which husband and wife are alternately suspected of committing a murder under very strange circumstances. It has played to crowded audiences in the provinces since Easter, and has now come to London for a six weeks' season before continuing its tour until Christmas

However, to return to *Lady, Behave*, the music of which is at any rate slick and gay and serves its purpose up to a point. Mr. Stanley Lupino has written the book and is the leading comedian, so can rightfully be allotted the major share of congratulations on a distinct success. His story, taken as a whole, is not particularly comic, nor, to me at least, always intelligible. But most of the episodes, in the last of which he has that excellent American "strangest" actor, Mr. Hartley Power (who has triumphantly submitted to a startling transmogrification of style) as his helper, are good fun in themselves. Plenty of pretty girls in plenty of pretty frocks are, of course, an asset; what those frocks must have cost in cash, coupons, and general anxiety, I dare not think. Good scenery and a large orchestra are further welcome forms of lavishness.

Miss Betty Percheron, whose line is broad and lively comedy on soubrette lines and who has the good sense not to overdo it, well and truly earned her big first-night triumph.

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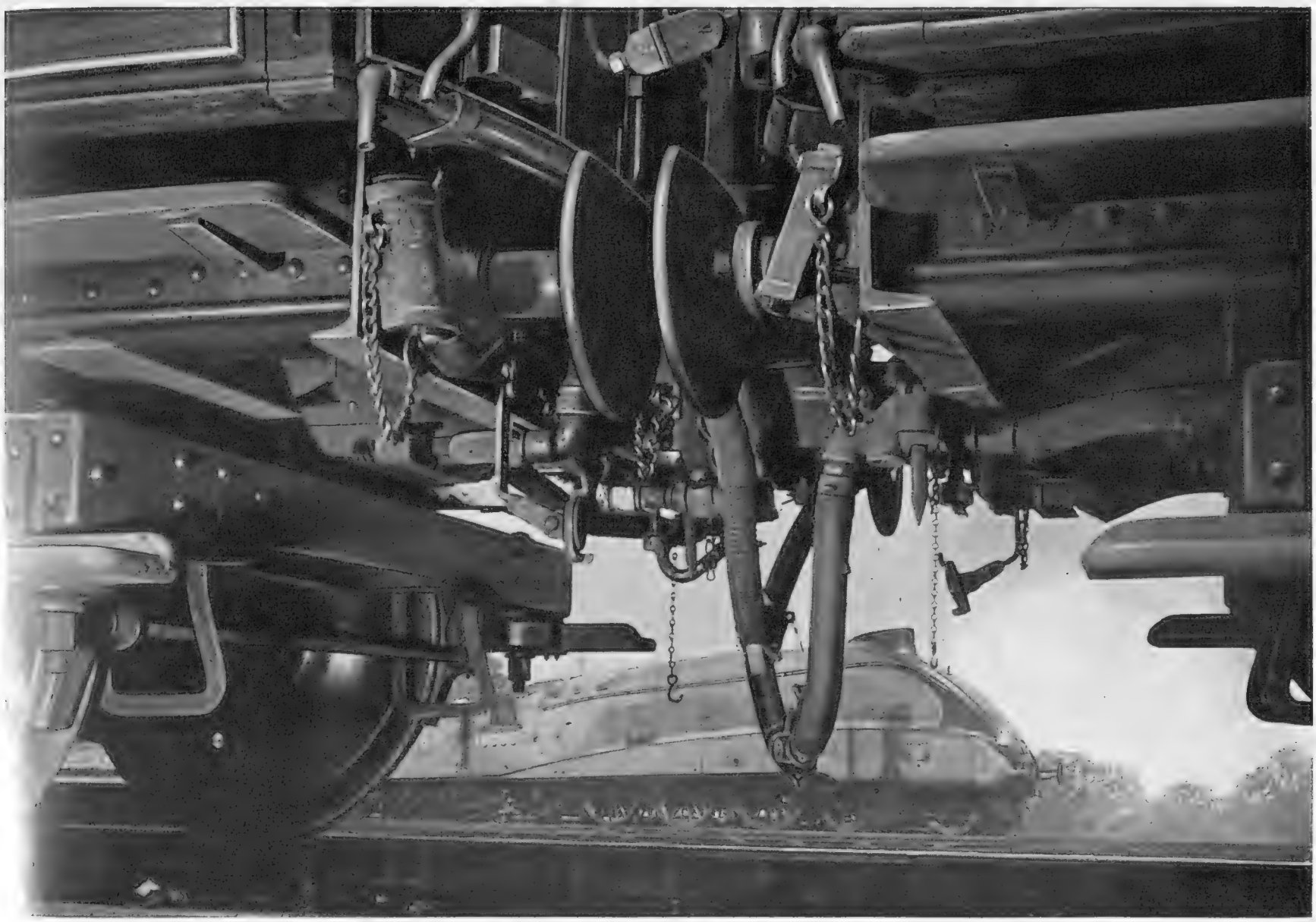

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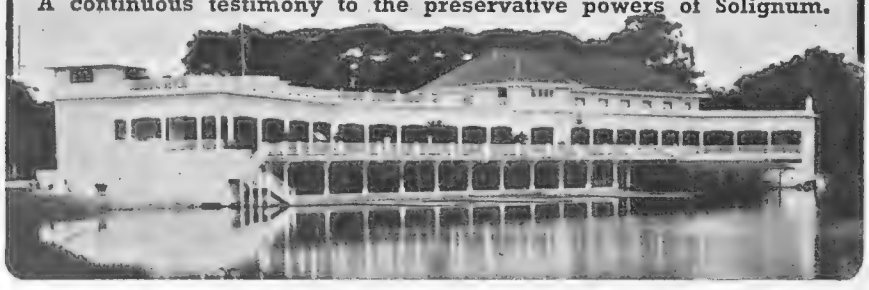

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BRITAIN'S EXPORT TRADE—IV

Our Trade with the Union of South Africa ; The Products of that Country and the Goods we Export to Maintain those Products

ANOTHER important part of the British Empire which shows reasonable chances of trade development in these trying, topsy-turvy times is the Union of South Africa.

The development of the Union of South Africa alone, with an area of 473,000 square miles, or 5½ times that of the United Kingdom, and with a population (including natives) of nearly ten millions, is greatly due to its natural wealth of minerals and metals, of fine pastural and climatic conditions for sheep and cattle breeding, for the growing of fruit, maize and other agricultural produce.

Of minerals, gold of the Transvaal takes the leading place, the Union producing about one-third of the world's total production of this ever-precious metal, the whole British Empire accounting for about 60 per cent. Diamonds, produced chiefly in the Kimberley district, amount in value to some £3,500,000, representing in value about 45 per cent. of the world's output. Of agricultural products, wool the Rhodesias taking some £400,000 worth as well. Of linen piece goods we sold them £200,000 worth ; of stockings and hosiery £170,000, and nearly £70,000 value of neckties and scarves.

Of chemical and medicinal products we have been getting nearly half ; of books, papers and printed matter also half ; of jewellery and timepieces, a class generally associated with Switzerland, we have again had about 50 per cent. of their purchases. One of our natural products, however, seems to have been much appreciated by the South African community, viz., good Scotch whisky, of which they drank about £542,000 worth in 1939. On British pottery and clay products and glass-ware the Union spent £660,000 ; but of electrical goods and apparatus they, together with the Rhodesias, bought British to the extent of £2,000,000 in 1939. On the whole, this looks a pretty good account in favour of the Mother Country, but in many lines quite appreciable quantities of goods have been supplied by what are now

PROTECTING KIMBERLEY'S DIAMONDS : The elaborate wire fencing around a diamond mine in Kimberley. This district produces about 45 per cent. of the world's output, amounting to some £3,500,000. The Government requires all diamonds to be registered and all dealers to be licensed

is the premier commodity of the Union, other leading items being foodstuffs such as maize, fruit, sugar, etc.

Consequently, the imports of the country must naturally include such goods as are necessary to keep all these industries going, as well as to supply human individual needs. Of the Union's total imports, the United Kingdom alone has been supplying from 40 to 45 per cent., or between £35,000,000 and £40,000,000. The United States sent almost exactly half this amount in 1938, leaving some 40 per cent. coming from the rest of the world, many of which countries are now, thanks to Hitler's new world "dis-order," prevented from any trade in that part of the world.

It is not surprising to find that by far the largest class of imported goods comes under the heading of "metals, metal manufactures, machinery and vehicles"—a very large group. The gold and diamond mines need all classes of heavy machinery, such as power plant, winding engines, rock drills, stamps, crushing and grinding plant, pumps and piping, electrical generators and motors and transport vehicles. The stock-breeders require shearing machinery, and hundreds of miles of fencing and wire netting ; the farmers want ploughs and sowing machines, harvesters and binders, tractors and pumps, cream separators and milling machinery. And they all need clothes.

Our share of the £32,000,000 spent by the Union on the metal and machinery trade has been a good one—some 45 per cent. of the total bought ; of the textile materials and clothes supplied it has been nearly £20,000,000 worth, or equal to that of the rest of the world put together. Of British cotton piece goods the Union, whose population includes a large proportion of natives, bought over £3,000,000 worth in 1939, either enemy countries or occupied by the enemy.

Of various classes of textile goods, the ubiquitous little Japanese trader got quite a big haul ; a quarter of the silk hosiery bought ; over £550,000 worth of woven rayon piece goods ; of napery a seventh of the total ; of quilts nearly half ; of towels half ; of drapery for furnishing materials nearly half. For this last item alone some £243,000 went into the Japs' pockets in 1937.

Germany's share in supplying the varied needs of the Union was more in the way of machinery—for example, ploughs and harrows, £100,000 out of £400,000 worth bought ; electrical motors, transformers and miscellaneous electrical goods to the tune of nearly £250,000 ; of factory plant and various industrial machinery running into nearly £500,000 ; road rollers, £45,000 ; and even £30,000 worth of typewriters.

In the case of (mandated) South-West Africa, the German influence was relatively much greater. Out of a total of £2,300,000 spent on purchases from all countries in 1939, with four months of war to it, Germany's share was £244,000 compared with ours of £93,000, while in 1938 it was £370,000 to our £113,000, so there is some room there for a switch over. The goods mostly affected in this way were dairy utensils, oil engines, electrical machinery, industrial machinery, fencing wire (£9,365 from Germany to £2 from the U.K.). Other leading items from German sources were medicinal preparations, various instruments, and even foot-wear.

Here, then, seems to be a wide range of goods among which the British trader and manufacturer should be able to find either new openings or develop existing ones to increase the much-needed accretion to Britain's export activities.

Edwin H. Judd

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

DURING the last hot spell I have found myself in hotel gardens, in the heat of the day and in the cool of the evening, and in the course of my wanderings there was much evidence of how hotel-keepers have been busying themselves on their "garden front."

In the theory that one can attune oneself to sleep anywhere, but one cannot live on anything, I should be inclined, if I were a seeker after autumn or winter accommodation, to ask to see the onion and carrot bed before my prospective bedroom, for undoubtedly hotel guests do score where there is the certainty of fresh garden produce, as well as the fruits of the summer's harvest—bottled plums, raspberries, gooseberries and so on.

At the same time, it by no means follows that the hotel whose advertisement reads "nine acres of grounds" can provide nine months of plenty. Some of the quite small hotels with little garden of their own are better off than their bigger brothers. It all boils down to the enterprise and the initiative of the proprietors, and I could name a score or more of hotels where they are constantly looking ahead. Here, at any rate, are some hotels where the evidence is to a great extent before one's eyes.

Last week I was down in Sussex, and you who live normally in Bexhill, Hastings and along the coast line have no need to hie yourself off to those imaginary "safe places" in the West, when just as great a degree of safety lies a few miles from the front door of your home, which maybe you have closed "for the duration."

Four and a half miles from Bexhill, and twelve from Eastbourne, lies one of the oldest villages in England. On the village green are stocks and whipping-post made from Sussex iron smelted in the neighbourhood. The church is of stone, and of the Early English and Decorated periods. From this still unbelievably peaceful village of Ninfield, and from Moor Hall, the hotel I am coming to, are views of a countryside which was the scene of all that happened in that only date some of us can remember—1066.

Moor Hall offers a good deal more than a country-house atmosphere. It can provide its own farm and garden produce, and the chances are that, from your bedroom window, you will see Susan and her sister cows chewing the cud, and wrapped in thoughts which I am quite certain are quite remote from war.

Nature is bountiful in what she provides in the grounds of Moor Hall, for with little attention from the hand of man a profusion of perennials lend colour to the surrounds and bring brightness and fragrance to the parquet, the panelled walls and the cream paintwork within.

But one does not necessarily have to seek the country for fresh produce. I have found it in hotel gardens right in the town. I have been to Bourne Hall, Bournemouth, on a good many occasions, though it was only on my last visit that I noticed that they had a garden—in fact, a series of gardens—where lettuce, runner-beans, peas, onions and so on were engaged in active competition as to which would be ready first, for it is one of the irritating features of a garden that the produce will not organise itself to mature at regular intervals. At the same time, I do not suppose anything will be allowed to run to seed at Bourne Hall: Mrs. Bray, who has Scots blood in her veins, will see to that.

But if a competition was to be held amongst town hotels as to which could provide the best show, there would be two hotels very strongly in the running: Waldronhyrst, at South Croydon, and the Falmouth, at Falmouth.

Of Waldronhyrst I wrote only recently, so it will suffice to say that it is one of the best of the residential type near to London, and the head gardener there is a local expert, and taking prizes to him is about as simple as picking peas.

The Falmouth Hotel is one of the few five-star hotels still available in the country. No one passing would suspect what a productive garden lies behind those sheltered hedges. But there, for all Falmouth hotel visitors to enjoy, is five-star produce where, thanks to Cornish climate and soil, raspberries still ripen and flowers bud and blossom at the most unusual times for anywhere else but Cornwall.

And writing of Cornwall reminds me of the gardens at Porthledden Hotel, which overlooks Cape Cornwall, the first westerly cape to Land's End. Here, at times, the sea roars, the wind attains hurricane force and the rain descends, and yet at other times, and even in January, one can sit out in a deck chair and enjoy hot sunshine. They are prepared for such extremes in Cornwall. The high hedges which surround and dissect the gardens of Porthledden allow the produce to mature to perfection, whilst the building itself, solid and standing four-square to the wind, defies storm and tempest, yet acts as a receiving station for all the sunshine that is going. For people who can face up to Nature in all her moods, and do not need to be rushing into a town every other day, there could be hardly a better place for wintering in comfort.

There are a few hotels which have such extensive grounds that they can not only supply the needs of the hotel visitors, but can also go in for market-gardening in a profitable way.

Hawkstone Park Hotel, at Weston-under-Redcastle, eleven miles north of Shrewsbury, is a good example. Further, it is an hotel which encourages rather than dissuades the more permanent type of visitor. Certainly, under its present management, guests are not likely to complain of being hungry.

It should be recognised, however, that the work of keeping hotel gardens in full working capacity these days is complicated by the fact that labour is scarce, and I still feel that those staying in hotels could lend useful and willing hands, even if it is only a case of keeping the weeds down.

At the house I am now staying there are about nine acres of flower, kitchen garden and lawns. And only one man is available to look after the lot. But we are all giving a hand. One visitor has constituted himself "O.C. Lawns." Another, a lady who can only undertake light work, is engaged in removing the dead roses. Fresh buds are already rewarding her for her work. Someone else is engaged in trimming the hedges and edging the lawns, whilst as for myself I have interspersed my normal, everyday work with the scything of the orchard and weeding the brick-lined paths. Thus we leave the regular gardener free to exercise his talents on creative work, which in due course will materialise to our benefit. What are you going to take up in your hotel garden this week?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

S. T. B., Broxbourne.—There is a small, but very well-run, guest-house on the South Cornish coast, quite close to Looe, called the Wide Sea Guest-house, Downderry. At the moment I know they have a room there at the latter end of August, so I should write to Miss Elliot, who runs it, quickly.

D. M., Cerne Abbas.—For a complete country holiday of the restful type you need, I should first try to see if Miss Jeeves, at Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, can put you up. There is plenty of hacking and fishing to be had there.

R. C., W.C.1.—I would recommend your friends to the following in Scotland. For the Trossachs, the Baillie Nichol Jarvie Hotel, at Aberfoyle. Fort William way: the Creagdhu Hotel, Onich, North Ballachulish. Edinburgh: the Caledonian or the North British Hotel. I am sorry I misled them as regards Oban. I had not heard that the Great Western Hotel there had been taken over.

M. T. G., Cheshunt.—Dulverton is lovely in late September, and, for that matter, the whole winter, for once the beech hedges assume their autumn clothes, they keep them on until the spring. I spent the whole of last winter in Dulverton, and though it was a damp and wet season everywhere, I felt the cold far less than I have in other places. Woodcote Hotel, which I made my headquarters, is centrally heated practically throughout, whilst in the big lounge there is always a log fire, with no rationing of logs.

L. M.—I have mislaid your address, so if this does catch your eye, I would like you to know that Moor Hall, Ninfield, near Crowhurst, Sussex, is still open, and a very pleasant country-life existence you can enjoy there. For travel instructions write to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnston, the resident proprietors.

H. G., Esher.—Thank you for correcting me about Leintwardine. But we are both right. It is in Herefordshire, as you point out. But the postal address is Shropshire, as letters go through the sorting-office at Bucknell. The Lion is the small hotel I spoke of by the bridge. The country-house hotel is Hightree, about a quarter of a mile out.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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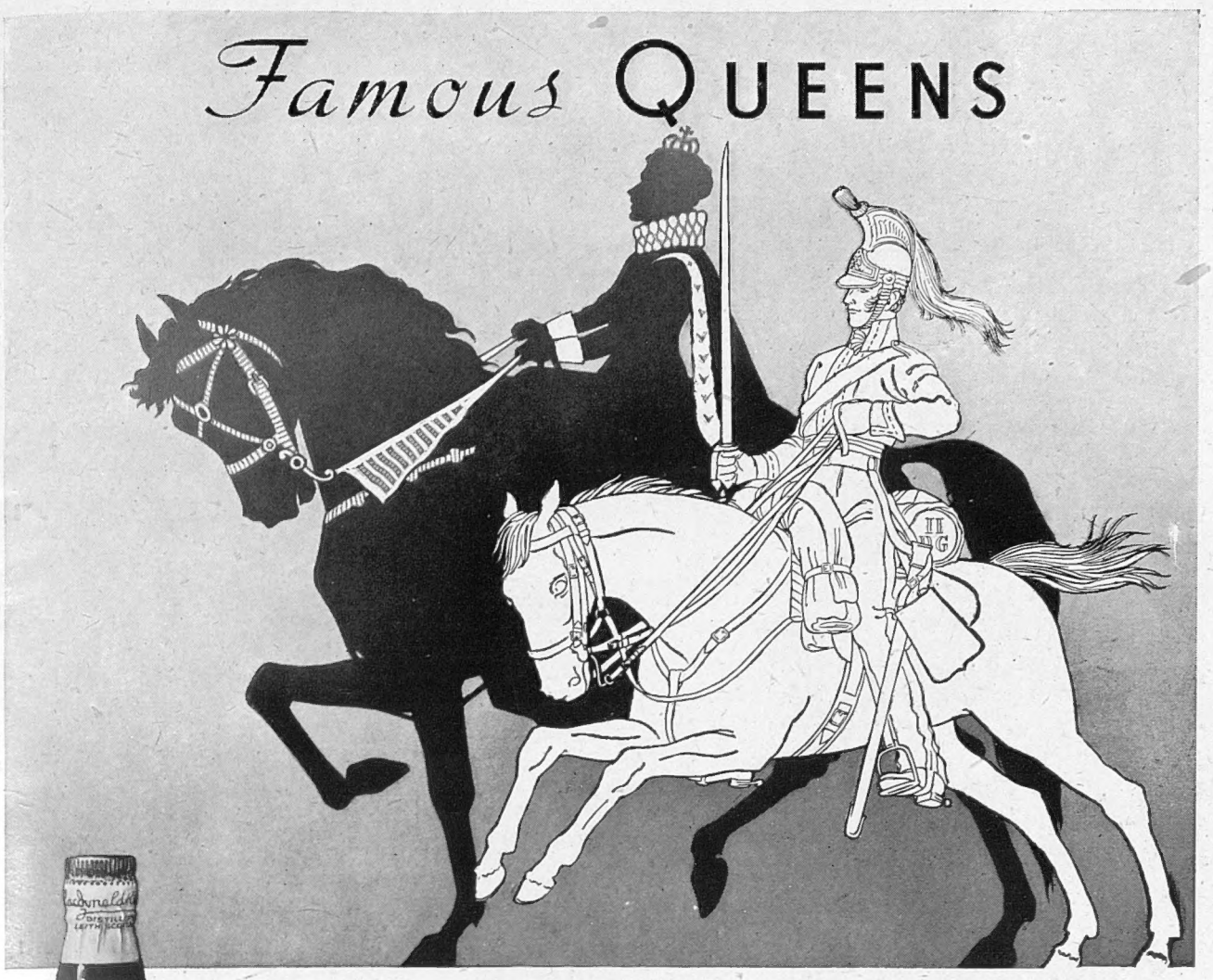

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